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THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The principal aim and object of this Society is to form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or color. The subsidiary objects are: The study of ancient and modern religions, philosophies and sciences, and the demonstration of the importance of such study; and the investigation of the unexplained laws of nature and the psychical powers latent in man.

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NOTES AND COMMENTS

JULY, 1919

The Theosophical Society, as such, is not responsible for any opinion or declaration in this magazine, by whomsoever expressed, unless contained in an official document.

The Katha Upanishad and the Great Initiation

MANY Scriptures have been inspired by the Great Initiation; with these are to be counted the *Prometheus Bound* of Æschylus and the *Prometheus Unbound* of Shelley. In many is embodied the wisdom gained in the Great Initiation; were it not so, they would not be true Scriptures. There appears to be but one, known in the world to-day, which has taken the Great Initiation as its central theme: the *Katha Upanishad,* translated under the title *In the House of Death.*

The Hymns of the *Rig Veda,* which were simply rearranged to make up the *Sama Veda* and the *Yajur Veda,* belong pre-eminently to the Brahmans, the white race that entered India by the Hindu Kush passes, descending from Central Asia where they had dwelt for ages, in close contact with the ancestors of the Chinese and Babylonians. The Upanishads have their origin in quite another source: they were handed down among the red Rajputs, as an immemorial teaching, of which Krishna speaks thus in the *Bhagavad Gita:* "This imperishable teaching of union I declared to the Solar lord. The Solar lord imparted it to Manu, and Manu told it to Ikshvaku. Thus the Rajanya sages knew it, handed down from Master to disciple. This teaching of union has been lost in the world through long lapse of time, O consumer of the foe. This same immemorial teaching of union I have declared to thee to-day; for thou art my beloved, my companion; and this secret doctrine is the most excellent treasure."

The stock of the red Rajputs was not Asiatic but Egyptian. From Egypt, they came to Western India, bringing with them the holy knowledge of the occult schools which, as a Master of the Egyptian Lodge has said, "were the secret splendour of Egypt." This very truth is contained in the sentences quoted from the *Bhagavad Gita;* for the Solar lord is Ra, the Logos, the Sun God of Egypt. Manu is the genius of the older Egyptian race, the race which came from Atlantis, in the period of its submergence, and for this reason Manu is the central figure

of the Indian tradition of the Deluge. Ikshvaku is the leader and founder of the Rajanya race in India, through whom, as King Initiate, the occult wisdom was handed down.

In this way was founded the Lodge of Masters in India, which, therefore, drew its occult knowledge from Egypt. It is true that the White Brahmans, who entered India from the Central Asian tableland (whither they had fled from Atlantis ages earlier), were in possession of secret wisdom, embodied in the mantras which were afterwards collected in the ten Circles of the *Rig Veda.* But, while they had the casket, they had lost the key. This key was restored to them by the red Rajanya sages, who had brought it with them from the occult schools of Egypt.

The secret wisdom of Egypt, thus brought to India by the Rajanya or Rajput race, had two forms; or, perhaps, it would be truer to say that it had a living soul and an outer vesture. The living soul was the actual process of the Great Initiation, with the complete practical training leading up to it; the vesture was the ritual of Initiation, the form of that august ceremony, together with the body of teachings of the Lesser Mysteries. Both were perpetuated in the Indian Lodge, which the red race from Egypt then formed. And while the soul of this Indian occult school was withdrawn, after the lapse of millenniums, to the heart of the Himalaya mountains, the outer vesture remains in India to-day.

"The Upanishads contain all wisdom," a Master has said, as recorded in *The Secret Doctrine,* "they no longer reveal it." The Upanishads are, in fact, in their most vital part, the very ritual of Initiation brought from Egypt, and later translated into Sanskrit. They embody both the Greater and the Lesser Mysteries, and much of their substance is cast in the form of dialogues between Guru and Chela, between Master and disciple, or disciples. Such are, for example, *Prashna Upanishad* ("A Vedic Master"), the episode of *Chhandogya Upanishad* containing the teaching "That thou art," and the superb section of the *Brihad-Aranyaka Upanishad* which has been translated under the title *The Song of Life,* a title borrowed from that supremely occult book, *Light on the Path.* While the dialogues in the great Upanishads lead up to the Great Initiation, one only, *Katha Upanishad,* gives the actual substance of the Great Initiation. It is, therefore, in a sense, the highest of all occult scriptures; and one is struck, at the outset, with the likeness of its plan to that of another document of very different character, the Apostles' Creed.

"He descended into Hell and rose again the third day," may stand as a description of the progress of Nachiketas, the candidate for the Great Initiation in *Katha Upanishad,* the type of all Initiates. Nachiketas is the son of Uddalaka Aruni. His father has offered a sacrifice of cattle, an ineffectual sacrifice. He at last determines to sacrifice his son. Exactly the same idea is expressed by St. Paul, who speaks of

the sacrifices of the Temple, likewise sacrifices of cattle, as being superseded by the sacrifice of the Son, whom the Father sent into the world. The same thought is contained in the parables, where the King, after he has sent his servants, sends his son, who is put to death.

There are two meanings contained in this symbol; indeed, many meanings, among which two stand out. The first is the universal, macrocosmic: the creative Logos is the Father. The Logos, having sent the lesser creatures into incarnation, sees that this is an ineffectual offering. "Nature unaided fails." Then the Logos sends the divine soul, which is, in truth, the Logos himself. This is the incarnation of the Solar Pitris, the Manasa Putras, spiritual man. The soul descends into the House of Death: into incarnation; and dwells there "three nights." These are the "three times," past, present, future; the three facets of the great Illusion of Time. When this illusion is conquered, the soul rises again to the immortal world, and enters into the Great Beyond.

There is also the individual meaning, the personal history of the Candidate for Initiation. Here, the cattle first offered have their symbolic meaning. They are the senses, the bodily powers, which graze in the pastures of the natural world, the fields of sense activity. An austere ascetic may offer the sacrifice of the senses in the fire of self-control. But he may thereby merely strengthen his self-will, his wilfulness, as many ascetics have done. This is true of the class called in India Hatha Yogis, or Yogis of the market-place; and this is the reason why certain extreme forms of penance are forbidden by the *Bhagavad Gita.*

The disciple must sacrifice, not his senses, but himself. He must offer up the lower self in the fire of perfect self-denial, self-abnegation, to the Higher Self. In this sense, the Higher Self, as Father, sends the personal self, the son, into the world; and the son must willingly submit himself to crucifixion. He must enter of his own will, which has for this purpose become one with the will of his Father, into the House of Death. He must descend into hell, to rise again the third day.

There are preliminary trials. These are dramatically represented, in those dialogues of the Lesser Mysteries in the Upanishads, already described; the Initiator offers the candidate three wishes. These are exactly the same, both in substance and in purpose, as Christ's temptation in the wilderness. It seems certain that that great Initiate himself enumerated these temptations to his disciples; casting them, as is the invariable method in all records of the Mysteries, into the form of a dialogue between himself and the tempter.

In the *Katha Upanishad,* the tempter is one with the Initiator, the Master who tries and tests his disciple. The name given to the Initiator is Yama, Death, Son of the Sun. Yama, according to the tradition of India, was the divine King of the first human race which was fated to taste death; the earlier human races, the first and second and the earlier third, having had no death in our sense, since they lacked the dense

material vesture which is subject to the throes of dissolution. King Yama, therefore, when the time came for men to die, himself accepted the first ordeal, and first descended into the house of night, where he has ever since reigned as King.

He passed the trial first himself, as every Master does; in the most literal sense going through the whole experience in his own person, and thus, if the metaphor may be allowed, pre-digesting it for his disciples. This is true in general of the whole of the disciple's training. It is supremely true of his Initiation, which is the goal and climax of that training. Therefore Yama, who first offered himself and passed through the pains of death, is the forerunner and type of every subsequent Master, the Lodge as a whole passing in advance through all the experiences which are pre-ordained for humanity for ages to come, up to the culmination of Nirvana.

The order of certain parts of the *Katha Upanishad* appears to have been purposely confused. What are really the preliminary trials—sons and grandsons, long life, wealth, the gifts of beauty—now stand after the passages which record the ceremony of Initiation. That ceremony begins with the first wish of Nachiketas. He asks for reconciliation with his Father. This includes two things: first, the Father stands for the sum of his past Karma, an account which must be balanced and closed before the Great Initiation can be entered; second, the Father stands for the Higher Self; the son, the personal life, must be at-one with his Father, the Higher Self. This is the true etymological meaning of at-one-ment, or atonement.

The second wish concerns the heavenly world. The Initiator reveals the heavenly world to Nachiketas, in all its majesty and splendour. This is, in the deepest sense, the critical point in the Great Initiation, far more vital and decisive than the earlier trials. For that heavenly world is no less than Nirvana. The new Initiate has fairly won it, and is, in a sense, fully entitled to enter in, to dwell in immeasurable bliss for measureless time.

Yet if the new Initiate accepts that right and elects to enter into Nirvana, the Initiation has, in a certain high sense, failed; and he, the Nirvanee, has also failed. But he succeeds in the supreme spiritual sense, if he refuses all the splendours of Nirvana, and elects instead to return to earth, to take up of free will his part of the heavy burden of the world's bad Karma, which is the sum of mankind's wilful disobediences, with all the penalties that they entail. Then he joins the active ranks of the world's Saviours, who suffer that enduring pain of which Prometheus speaks.

The third wish of Nachiketas, to know "what is in the Great Beyond," is thereon granted. For the Great Beyond is the mysterious life, of terrible toil yet of great and ever increasing delight, which the Master enters when he has passed beyond Nirvana; when he has renounced and laid aside his right and title to that supreme and fully

earned reward. Little remains to be said concerning the *Katha Upanishad*. The whole heart of the theme is contained in these three wishes, with the symbolic narrative leading up to them. But much remains to be done. Those who would tread that path must read, mark, learn and inwardly digest the teaching. They will find there faithfully represented their own trials and temptations; the abnegation and sacrifice which are demanded of them; and some foreshadowing of the surpassing reward: the goal which those seek who offer sacrifice.

If a Bhikkhu [disciple] should desire, brethren, to exercise one by one each of the different Iddhis: being one to become multiform, being multiform to become one; to become visible, or to become invisible; to go without being stopped to the further side of a wall, or a fence, or a mountain, as if through air; to penetrate up and down through solid ground, as if through water: If a Bhikkhu should desire, brethren, to hear with clear and heavenly ear, surpassing that of men, sounds both human and celestial, whether far or near, let him then fulfill all righteousness, let him be devoted to that quietude of heart which springs from within, let him not drive back the ecstasy of contemplation, let him look through things, let him be much alone!—BUDDHIST SUTTAS.

FRAGMENTS

EVERY created thing, whether material, or of the mind, or of the feeling, is intended to carry us to God, as it comes from God. If we find that any one of these, in any department of life, has another tendency, the tendency toward self; if we use it merely for enjoyment, or discussion, or to fill time, or to deaden grief or ennui, or for occupation, or from habit, or from any motive not springing from the love of God, and not leading to Him, it can have no proper place in the life of a disciple, and must be surrendered until it can be so used. It is otherwise misuse of creatures, and prostitution of self; and seen in that light we must realize that it is devilish. Therefore all books of religious instruction insist on detachment from creatures; for only by seeing God in and through them can we ever truly see them on the one hand, or ever rightly use them on the other. When in all created things we find the expression, not only of His spirit, but of His mind and heart, we may freely give ourselves to them as steps to Him—to a better understanding of Him and love of Him.

This is true also of service. For if our service of others does not spring from love of God, it must inevitably spring from love of self (some subtle form perhaps), and all it accomplishes is to increase self-love. This nature and relation of service is little understood to-day, when service is worshipped for itself alone, and like all forms of idolatry is heathen and contains the seeds of death.

To understand the humanity of Christ is to understand the Incarnation, and to understand the Incarnation is to understand that Christ exists in all things, and to find Him there; but it must always be *Christ* that we worship. So we pray to be saved from the blindness, the sin of idolatry. "Thou shalt have none other gods but me."

The lower nature of man translates this into terms of negation, insisting on the hard wood of the Cross, and refusing to see its glory,—as one might consider the chemical atoms of a sunset sky, and ignore its colour and loveliness. But to find Christ throughout created life, is to find eternal beauty and eternal joy, as through Him we find the radiance of immortality in what were otherwise the blackness of death.

CAVÉ.

A STONE OF THE FOUNDATION

IN a little suburb of the city of Geneva, where the Alps descend to the open country stretching back from the lower end of the lake, there stand the buildings of a once famous school. In the long list of its former pupils one may read names that have made history in every quarter of the globe; sons of great English families and of the old order in France; Italians, Austrians and Americans; a Prince of Abyssinia, and a Khedive of Egypt. But among them all there was one only that I wished to find, or cared to linger on, as I turned the leaves of the roster backward through the years: the name of the friend who had taken me there on that brilliant summer day—the name of Clement Acton Griscom.

We stood together in the shade of a great plane tree, looking out over the play-ground and the orchard beyond, toward the city of Calvin and Servetus, of bitter theological controversies and burnings, and then back to the hills, climbing tier on tier to the far distant heights and the hidden snows of Mt. Blanc; and he told me of the months he spent there, in his childhood before I knew him, a very troubled, homesick little boy, left alone for the first time with strangers in a strange and very foreign place.

He was too proud to let his schoolmates guess his misery. Some of them called him "Fatty," and teased him for his insatiable appetite and American ways. But there was one kind and silent teacher whom he trusted, and whose room became his daily haven. Each evening, in the free hour before bed-time, the door of the master's study would open softly, and a fat little boy would slip through and steal silently over to a stool in the corner, behind the tall white porcelain stove. There, hidden in the shadow, he would give way to the tears and loneliness he had denied himself all day, and would cry his heart out, unbetrayed. The master never appeared to notice. Nothing was said—no word or touch of comfort either asked or given—but the boy knew his secret was safe. And when the bell rang, and the time for crying was past, his little knuckles would rub away the tears, and a brave will would silence his sniffles and command his quivering, childish lips to firmness, as he went out to face again boldly the big, foreign world of his school.

It was a very different world from that which he had known before; very different from the Friends' day-school, on Race Street in Philadelphia, where he had been sent when he was four, and where, whatever the tumultuous adventures of the daily journeys thither, there was always the period of silent worship, when the utter stillness of the senses brought stillness also to the heart. I suppose he thought as little of religion as do most healthy boys, but there was something, vaguely associated in his mind with religion and the Bible, that he knew he had had among

the Friends and which he missed and wanted, as he now wanted everything he had had at home. He tried to pray, in his corner behind the stove, but in the teacher's bent back and scratching pen there was no power to help him to the inner stillness the Friends' Meeting had brought; and, as the weeks and months passed, this need pressed upon him more and more strongly, till it took shape in his mind as the desire for a Bible—as the conviction that he *ought* to buy an English Bible.

Each boy of the school received a small allowance for pocket money, and at intervals they were permitted to go into Geneva to spend it. The greatest attraction was a pastry shop, close to the first of the bridges over the Rhone. All manner of goodies could be purchased there; and when some had been gulped down in the shop, to be absolutely sure of them, the rest could be slowly sucked, "to make them last longer," while hanging over the stone parapet of the bridge, watching the proud grace of the swans on the placid surface of the lake, or the swift rush of its waters as they poured into the channel of the Rhone. It is a very virulent case of homesickness whose pangs can endure while the mouth is full of sweets; and the pastry shop brought temporary surcease from more than one kind of hunger to our lonely little American. But to buy a Bible meant many weeks with no francs or sous for cake and candy; no time of comfortable fullness and forgetfulness in the shop or in the sunshine on the bridge. This he knew; for he had asked at a book stall and been shown "the very English book the little gentleman wanted," a large, sumptuous volume, bound in full brown levant. He thought it was what he wanted; for it was instinctive to the magnanimity of his nature to know that whatever ought to be done ought to be done handsomely. But the price was staggering.

He did not tell me the details of his struggles. We have no record of the inner dialogues—the beginning of those "Talks with my Brain" which readers of the QUARTERLY were later to know—such as Krishna had with the despondent Arjuna before he would consent to fight. But they form themselves, untold, in the imagination. Where was the need of a Bible, when one could have sweets? And what was the good of a Bible, if it meant no sweets; if it were to take away the only bright spots in the whole long week? It would have been easy enough could he have made his purchase when he felt the need for it, in the evening twilight of the master's study, with his heart aching for any touch of home. But to have a holiday and make it no holiday at all, to go into the city with his money in his pocket, hunger gnawing at his middle, and the very taste of buns and tarts rising from memory to his palate; to watch his fellows enter his palace of delights and to make an excuse not to follow them; to return later to press his round face against the window, and see the pink and white icing on the cakes; to have the odor of fresh baking in his nostrils, and to turn empty away; to hang, empty, on the parapet, or walk desolately on to the book stall, even there only

to be able to look at the unexplained, unintelligible object of his sacrifice, and to know that it must still be weeks before it could be his; to do all this, not once but time after time, telling no one, aided by no one, and for no other reason than that of blind obedience to the feeling that it *ought* to be done: only those who have never resisted temptation, never obeyed anything but their own will and whim, will say that this was easy.

The volume lies before me as I write, the memorial of his faithful, lonely sacrifice, the token of his enduring victory. His name is scrawled in childish script upon its fly leaf. The solid richness of its binding is unscarred by the lapse of years. But the letters that are stamped in gold upon it, tell of the working of hidden forces deeper than we can read. For it was no Bible at all, but a Church of England Prayer Book, which the high gods let that dishonest bookseller pass off upon the little Quaker, who could not find the silence that was all he knew of prayer. It was only long afterwards that he discovered he had been cheated, and that the Prayer Book and the Bible were not one and the same.

But as I touch this early keepsake, and let it take me back to those childish days of my friend's first search for the Path that would lead him home, to those brave pilgrimages to the book stall, his little hand holding fast to his money as he passed the pastry shop, I think of Titian's great painting of the Presentation of the Virgin, and of the immortal splendour wrapped in the pathos of that lonely little figure, in its gorgeous, jewelled robe, climbing alone the long, long flight of steps that rise to the waiting priests and the unknown temple door.

It was in the late autumn or early winter of 1884 that Mr. Griscom first heard of Theosophy. A big, blond College boy, playing center rush on the varsity football team, rowing on the college crew and winning prizes for putting the shot and throwing the hammer, he stood as high in his studies as in his sports, and at this time was saturated with Berkeley's Idealism and the political economy of John Stuart Mill. One evening the conversation turned upon standards of conduct, and two of his friends fell into a hot discussion as to the real aim of human life. At first young Griscom was silent, but grew more and more intent as the talk progressed, for a view of the meaning of life and of its possibilities was being presented such as he had never had opened to him before. And it was true! Before he knew its name or what it was, he knew its truth; and his whole soul leaped forth to meet it in instant recognition. Where it was challenged, he took the challenge up; and breaking into the discussion met each objection with an answer that was as new to his own thought as to the questioner's, yet which seemed to rise of itself, fully formed and familiar, in his mind.

When the talk was interrupted, as, somehow, such discussions always are, young Griscom fell again into silence; and there was an unusual

earnestness in his manner as he bade good-night to the friend whose views he had championed.

He was rewarded by receiving, soon after, a copy of Sinnett's *Esoteric Buddhism,* and sat up all night reading it in tense excitement. He bought every book and pamphlet on Theosophy that he could find, including, either then or shortly afterward, *The Occult World,* which had just been published, and Madame Blavatsky's two large volumes of *Isis Unveiled.* Going to his room immediately after dinner, he would read far into the morning hours, with that power of complete bodily stillness and entire oblivion to time and surroundings which characterized his mental concentration. His response was immediate and complete. What he read was true. And the truth was not matter for intellectual interest or assent, but was the goal of life, to be sought with all he was or could become. He sent in his application for membership in The Theosophical Society, and went to New York to see Mr. Judge.

I like to think of that first meeting between those two, which was to mean so much in the life of each. I see again the patient, burdened builder upon the rock of sacrifice, who for ten long years had given of his best; sometimes to empty benches; sometimes to those who only sneered at what they deemed his gullibility or self-deception; more often to queer, freakish men and women, understanding nothing of his real ideals and hopes, but seizing the opportunity the Society offered for the exploitation of their own wild dreams and theories; yet here and there, and one by one as diamonds from banks of clay, finding the souls he had been sent to find and who could know and take fire from his own. I like to think of the day Mr. Griscom came to that great, tired seeker of souls, and how, like sunshine, his youth and sanity and overflowing vitality and enthusiasm must have filled that dark and rather dingy office in Nassau Street where Mr. Judge practised the law and laboured at the work of the Society. I like to think of all it meant: to Mr. Judge, to Mr. Griscom, and to the many hundreds of others who, like me, have had their hearts lit for them by the light that passed between those two, thirty-four years ago.

At the Convention of The Theosophical Society a year ago, Mr. Griscom spoke of the first such gathering he had attended,—that held in Chicago in 1888, where Mr. Judge presided and to which Madame Blavatsky sent a long and interesting letter, of which Dr. Keightley was the bearer. Of all those who were present then very few, if any, beside himself and Dr. Keightley, were left; and he alluded to the great changes that had taken place in the world in the intervening period, and the "almost inconceivable differences in the Society." Yet he had been struck, he said, on rereading certain paragraphs which Mr. Judge had written, "as a sort of valedictory and a word of greeting to the future," by the fact that he himself could have read them to that later Convention as his own report and hope, so pertinent were they to present day conditions;

and he added: "The great lesson of Theosophy is that what is true, is true for all time and places. . . . This is what I particularly like about his [Mr. Judge's] message of thirty years ago, 'You want watchwords for the coming year, take *faith, courage, constancy.*' I cannot conceive of anything at the present time that could be better watchwords for us."

As we look back over the long road that the Society has travelled, over those grave hazards where death took toll of the steadfast and the unstable fell away, as we consider the "almost inconceivable differences" in the thought of the world and in every external condition of the Society's activity, we can understand something of how firm must have been the hold upon the spirit and principles of Theosophy that could maintain them as a living power, unaltered and unobscured, through all those thirty years of change and toil and stress. *"Faith, courage, constancy."* They were Mr. Griscom's watchwords, even as they had been Mr. Judge's before him; and, in larger part than could be known to any but the very few, it is to this—to the extent to which Mr. Griscom made his spirit one with the spirit of his first great leader and teacher—that we owe the continued existence of The Theosophical Society to-day.

It was because of this, also, that when Mr. Griscom moved to the vicinity of New York—and later into the city itself—his home became one of the most real and vital centres of the whole Theosophical movement. Mr. Judge came there as to a haven of rest; for there he was sure of such understanding and love as enabled him to be himself, without disguise or restraint. It became his habit to take Sunday supper there, and to spend the evening. But often he would stay for weeks at a time, going into the city with Mr. Griscom in the morning, but returning again in the afternoon. It was during such a visit as this that I first met Mr. Judge, and though I was then not a member of the Society, and so was seldom present when the work was discussed, memory holds many pictures of him in this home where he loved to be. I can see him with the children on his knees, drawing pictures for them on one of those little pads of which he always seemed to have an unlimited number in his pockets. It was on them he would write the brief, unexplained notes to the students whom he trusted; sometimes containing only a reference to a chapter or page of a book, but which, when looked up, would throw a flood of light upon the untold subject of their recent meditations or upon some theme they had been discussing in his absence. I can see him unpacking barrels of china and arranging the books, when Mr. Griscom moved into town; or, in one of his "wild Irish boy" moods, sitting on the floor and gravely trying to put his heel behind his head. But the picture that comes to my mind the most constantly is of his sitting with Mr. Griscom listening to the piano—in a silence so deep and still that it became part of the music—and to this day I cannot hear La Paloma, or certain of Mendelssohn's Songs without Words, without thinking of Mr. Judge in Mr. Griscom's home.

What that home must have meant to him of rest and cheer and renewed hope for the ultimate victory of his mission, can only be known by those who know how dark and threatening those years were, when, with Madame Blavatsky gone, the Brahmins had seized upon Mrs. Besant's weakness and turned her into their instrument for the destruction of the work. It is difficult for us to account for the black treachery with which Mr. Judge was surrounded—so that one of his closest associates searched his desk and papers in his absence, for "evidence" that could be used against him—because we can scarcely realize how bitter was the attack, and how constant and insidious the propaganda of innuendo and misrepresentation to which he was subjected. But it is only as we do realize this that we can understand the debt the whole movement owes to those whose loyalty could not be shaken, and whose unswerving fidelity to the truth, through all the cloud of lies, turned the tide in America and maintained the work unbroken even in England.

One will search in vain through the official reports of the Conventions, or in the early volumes of the periodicals, for any mention of Mr. Griscom's part in the affairs of the Society. His name does not appear. Being the same as his father's, it was a point of honour with him not to permit it to become publicly associated with Theosophy so long as his father lived. This prevented him from accepting any official position in the Society; but what he was, in and of himself, gave him a *de facto* position, at the heart of its work and councils, which was of far greater significance, and in which his courage and initiative, scarcely less than his rock-like fidelity and firm hold upon principles, proved of incalculable service. All through the winter of 1894-95 Mr. Griscom was in constant correspondence with members of the Society in the endeavour to counteract the attacks upon Mr. Judge; and it was at his house in New York that the preliminaries were arranged for the Boston Convention. Members had come on from all parts of this country and Canada, and not a few from Europe, including Dr. and Mrs. Keightley, who had passionately defended Mr. Judge both in public and private, and who brought all that was best from the English centre, of which they were to be the mainstay for decades to come. There was also a group of talented Irish members, who published the *Irish Theosophist,* but who, lacking stability, were later swept away on the psychic whirlwinds let loose by Mrs. Tingley. In the informal meetings at Mr. Griscom's home the way was prepared for the formal action of the Convention—the answer the American Section was to make to all who questioned Mr. Judge.

It was the last Convention of Mr. Judge's life. He died on March 21st of the following year, and in the ensuing weeks Mr. Griscom's home was again the centre of endless conferences upon all aspects of the work, preparatory to the great convention that packed the Garden Theatre, and where Mrs. Tingley first claimed the public prominence

that proved her undoing. In the "Crusade" which she inaugurated—the tour around the world for the purpose of lecturing and organizing branches, so that, in outer fact as well as in inner spirit, The Theosophical Society might be the meeting place of all beliefs and races of men—she took with her many of those upon whom the regular work of the Society had rested, and a double burden fell upon the remaining few. No small part of this, particularly as it concerned the Society's finances, devolved upon Mr. Griscom, in addition to the very heavy responsibilities that his business position entailed.

A break-down in health followed, and early in 1897 Mr. Griscom's physician ordered him away for a rest and recommended an ocean voyage. He went to Honolulu, meeting Mrs. Tingley's party there and returning with them to San Francisco, but then left them and returned to New York.

What he had seen and learned had confirmed fears for which there had been growing cause. Mrs. Tingley had assumed more and more the functions of leadership, and owing to the publicity she was receiving, was using her unusual gifts and marked abilities to build up a following that would be completely under her personal dominance. The situation became such that Mr. Griscom felt constrained to withdraw from active participation in the Society's councils.

Almost immediately he became the object of attack and innuendo. The workers at the Society's headquarters—who had been in the habit of spending the week-ends at his home—were now sending him warning messages of his "disloyalty," and were apparently forbidden to come near him lest the contagion spread also to them. It would have been laughable had it not been for the real affection which Mr. Griscom bore them, and which made their blind surrender of their principles an even deeper grief to him than their personal attacks upon himself—though these were carried to the extent of writing slanderous accusations against him to his family. He still hoped, however, that some miracle might right the situation; and motived by loyalty—the deep, fundamental loyalty to principles without which no loyalty to individuals is possible—he did not fear when called disloyal. Having done what he could, he waited in silence for the indication of the Masters' will.

Events moved quickly. A Convention of the Society was called at Chicago for February 18, 1898, at which Mrs. Tingley's followers, overriding all protests, proclaimed a change in the name and constitution of the Society, and gave unrestricted power over the new body into her hands. She thus removed herself from The Theosophical Society; but she took with her nearly everything that had given it external manifestation: the majority of its members, its organization, headquarters, lists, records, press, magazines, and practically everything it owned. She left only its reality and its name.

Immediately following the morning session at which this action was taken, a meeting was held of those delegates to the Convention who could

not be stampeded, and who had been denied any vote or hearing. In the words of the report of this meeting, resolutions were proposed and seconded to the effect that inasmuch as the action taken that morning "constituted a practical abandonment of the Theosophical Society in America, it became the duty of those who abided by the constitution of the Society to carry on the Convention in accordance with the constitution, and proceed to elect officers to serve until the Branches and members could be communicated with." This was done; so that on the very day of the final disruptive assault, the work of rebuilding was commenced.

The period of reconstruction was to prove long and onerous. Mr. Griscom and his associates had none of the administrative machinery which Mr. Judge had slowly created as the membership had increased. Lists, clerks and secretaries were alike lacking; and from that day to this the work of The Theosophical Society has been done wholly by volunteers as a labour of love. Neither was Mr. Griscom a man of leisure. His business affairs demanded his constant attention, kept him long hours at his office, and entailed very heavy and anxious responsibilities from which he was never free. It was his Sundays and his evenings only that he could give to the work of the Society, and these hours were all too short for what was now demanded. Every present or former member of the Society, who could possibly be reached, was entitled to a clear statement of the actual facts and issues—that they might not be left to follow in ignorance a guide who had betrayed their trust. Though this would, in any event, involve an enormous correspondence, it was obvious that it could not be done by correspondence alone; and Mr. Griscom was convinced that the first need of the Society was for a magazine that could serve also as its official organ and means of communication with its members.

Mr. Judge's old magazine, *The Path,* had been first rechristened *Theosophy* and then *Universal Brotherhood,* under which title it was being carried on by Mrs. Tingley. But *The Theosophical Forum,* a little sixteen page monthly started by Mr. Judge in 1889 as a medium for questions and answers, had been discontinued in August, 1897, and the only obstacle to reviving it was the labour and expense its publication and distribution would involve. These Mr. Griscom himself assumed.

He had had no experience as editor or author, but with the simple and bold directness that characterized all his decisions—and which found expression in his maxim, "The only way to do anything, from running steamships to stopping smoking, is to do it"—he set himself (and his friends, whether they would or no!) to the production of a magazine.

I hope I shall never lose from memory the pictures that are stored there of Mr. Griscom making up those early issues of the *Forum;* sitting in the centre of his living room before the folding card table, covered with red baize, on which were spread his pins and paste and shears, the ivory

foot-rule—with the burn from a cigarette at the end—the dictionary, and piles of copy. (It was before he learned to use the typewriter, as the work soon required him to do, so that it was not in evidence as in later years, when the dictionary could be dispensed with, and editorial routine was no longer an adventure.) To enter that room was like entering the magician's castle of some ancient fairy legend, for one would find a goodly company of companions—all, indeed, who had passed that way before one—sitting under an enchantment that was immediately to fall upon oneself. No sooner did one cross the threshold than a sheaf of manuscript would be extended, and a cheery voice would say, "Hello, James Henry Alexander, just count the words in that, like a good boy"; and before one knew it one would find oneself seated, mumbling numbers, like the others.

It seems a simple enough thing now, to get out sixteen pages a month, but it was not so simple then; and it meant almost the difference between life and death to the Society; for those pages were, for a time, almost its only corporate activity. And they contained much of great and lasting value. Mr. Johnston contributed the series of "Oriental Department Papers," in which many of his translations from the Upanishads were first published, and much of the first volume of Cavé's *Fragments* also first appeared in the *Forum*. The old "Question and Answer Department" was continued, as well as the outlines of topics for Branch discussion; but the scope of the magazine was broadened, and less technical articles were also included.

In addition to reviving *The Theosophical Forum,* Mr. Griscom was very desirous of providing for the continued publication and sale of theosophical books. Mr. Judge's personal copyrights, and interest in the publishing business he had built up, had become the property of individuals by his will, so that they had been saved from the general loot of the Society that had been accomplished at Chicago. The sale of books was, therefore, still possible, and was at first continued under an agreement with The W. Q. Judge Publishing Co. With the dissolution or reorganization of this company, however, it became necessary to make other provisions; and after a series of more or less unsatisfactory arrangements with different publishing concerns, Mr. Griscom decided that the only real solution of the problem lay in adding a book and publishing department to the magazine venture. As the Society had neither the funds nor the desire to embark upon so hazardous a financial enterprise, Mr. Griscom undertook it himself, putting up the initial capital, and using the proceeds of sales, as they accrued, for the publication of other works. As the business increased from year to year, it became necessary to give it more formal organization, and the result is The Quarterly Book Department of to-day.

In the summer of 1899, after the *Forum* was firmly established and when, by means of it and incessant personal correspondence, the scattered Branches and isolated members of the Society had been knit

together into some semblance of a working body, Mr. Griscom's health again broke down, and it was not until January of 1901 that he was able to resume continuous work. He was compelled to surrender the editorship of the *Forum* during his illness, and never again resumed it. Under his successor it had been increased from sixteen to twenty pages, but the "Question and Answer Department" as well as the "T. S. Activities" and "Subjects for Branch Discussion," had been dropped; and though the articles printed were very valuable and interesting, there was less to mark the magazine as an organ of The Theosophical Society, or to make the members feel that it was peculiarly their own. Mr. Griscom was convinced that the Society, and particularly the isolated members-at-large, needed the medium for discussion and exchange of views that the "Question and Answer Department" had afforded; that the members liked to know what other Branches and members were doing; that they should be helped and guided in their studies; and that elementary articles, written for those who were just beginning to be interested, and setting forth the primary principles of Theosophy, would be of real assistance to the whole movement.

Acting on this conviction, in July, 1903, he started the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, having obtained the consent of the Executive Committee to publish it, as by their "order," for the benefit of the members—himself assuming, as previously with the *Forum,* the financial responsibility for its expense beyond whatever sums the Society might feel justified in contributing to its support. As stated in the first issue, it was "not designed to compete with but to supplement *The Theosophical Forum,*" and was planned to comprise Notes and Comments, Reprints from valuable articles no longer easy of access, Elementary Articles, T. S. Activities, Questions and Answers, Reviews, and a Correspondence Class.

The first issue consisted of forty large pages—even larger than the present format, as the line of type was an inch longer,—and the magazine proved a great success from the start. With his Quaker gift of "speaking to the condition" of his hearers, Mr. Griscom addressed no imaginary audience, but wrote and conducted the magazine directly for the needs of the Society's members. As the circulation grew beyond the Society itself, he broadened the scope of its contents, keeping its purely theosophical character and departments, but making its appeal more varied and universal. At the Convention of 1905 the Society voted to discontinue the *Forum* as a separate publication, and to make the payment of the annual dues of membership cover the subscription to the QUARTERLY,—which had indeed always been sent free to all members, but up to that time there had been no formal arrangement whereby the Society should contribute to its expense. This action of the Convention put the magazine upon its present basis.

There should be little need to tell the readers of the QUARTERLY what the magazine has accomplished in the years of its existence, or

what it has meant in the history of the Theosophical Movement. Mr. Griscom loved and planned for it as a mother loves and plans for her child, and made the spirit of his own discipleship live and breathe through all its pages, a quickening contagion of the soul. Its sixteen large volumes are but one of the many monuments of his labour, yet are they truly "more lasting than bronze"; for though the print fade and the paper crumble into tatters, yet what they gave the world will remain, for in it is the immortality of the soul of man.

Nor is it possible in this sketch—where the biography of a great soul and the history of a great movement must be inextricably interwoven—to review the long list of articles from Mr. Griscom's own pen that the QUARTERLY contained. It is hoped that they may be collected and republished in book form. His "Elementary Articles" alone would make a volume of the highest value, serving both as a primer of the theosophical philosophy and as a practical introduction to the science of self-conquest and the religious life. Yet they constitute but a fraction of the total. He wrote under many pseudonyms, G. Hijo, John Blake, Menteknis, The Pilgrim, as well as using one or more of his initials, as in the reviews, or the last articles he wrote, "Vanity" and "Why should I want to be a Saint?" And his themes were even more varied: stories, the product of a very fertile and active imagination, such as "The Mark of Istaphan"; scenes of the inner world, as in "The Battle Royal" or "War Seen From Within"; essays on the principles of government and political economy, such as "The Magic Word Democracy"; studies in the lives of the saints or in the history of the movement in former centuries; and a long series of ascetical writings beginning with "Talks with my Brain" and ending with "Vanity," in the January issue—the last number he was himself to send to press.

He wrote very rapidly, rarely if ever at a loss for the word he wanted; indifferent to form, in his concentration upon the essence. And in consequence, his meaning is never lost or obscured in its expression. He used words and was not used by them—as one feels of so many writers whose thought appears dominated by the vehicle that should convey it. He leads his hearers at once to the heart of his theme, and draws the outline of its essential features with sure, bold strokes. His work is vibrant with his own personality—with the singleness of heart and purpose, the virility and direct simplicity of his own attitude toward life—and on every page one feels the sure touch that comes only from first-hand personal experience of the facts with which he deals. It is this which gives to his ascetical writings their quickening inspiration, and an appeal that is at once universal and immediately personal. He had the rare gift of wise and discerning spiritual direction, and in private correspondence, which grew to great proportions through the years, he helped members of many different countries and of many different creeds, to find and follow "the small old path that leads to the Eternal." His teaching must be judged by

its fruits; and time alone can reveal their full magnitude and worth. Yet they must depend not only on him, not only on the sower and the seed, but also on the ground where the seed was spread; so that the measure of his success still rests with us, and with those who come after us, the heirs of his inheritance. But in themselves and of their own kind, his writings constitute as practical a guide to the initial stages of discipleship, as penetrating an analysis into the workings of human nature and of the hidden forces and tendencies which the disciple must master, as has been given to the world in our generation. He wrote, not what he had been taught, but something of what, having been taught, he had himself lived.

Immediately following the Chicago Convention of 1898, and as a part of the work of salvage and reconstruction, the effort was made to continue public Branch meetings of the Society in New York. They were held in Mott Memorial Hall, which, with its rows of sombre medical works in glass cases, seemed painfully suggestive of the surgery through which the Society had just passed; and though the meetings were faithfully attended, until the coming of summer caused their suspension, it was evident that this surgery had been far too drastic to permit of active outer work until after a longer period of inner recuperation. The experiment was repeated several times in the following years with but little success, and it was not until the autumn of 1904 that the inner life of the movement had been so renewed and consolidated that the New York meetings became really vital. Even then, they were not public meetings. Mr. Griscom and his associates, together with such friends, not members of the Society, as were interested, met quite informally each fortnight in the rooms of one of their number, and spent the evening in the discussion of religious topics. There were no formal addresses, but someone would open the discussion, and the friendly and sympathetic atmosphere drew all to talk freely. It was a practical demonstration of the theosophic attitude and method, and proved a real success. Other groups were formed, in all of which Mr. Griscom participated, working on the same principles but with different people and with different subjects of study. One such group spent three years in the study and discussion of the Sermon on the Mount and the principles of discipleship that it implies.

As the years passed and duties multiplied, while the number of evenings in the week remained inexorably at seven, it became necessary to consolidate the meetings, and their size outgrew the capacity of an ordinary living-room. Mr. Griscom then secured the studio building in the rear of his house, and fitted it to serve as a permanent centre of the work and as a place of meeting for the New York Branch.

Some of these earlier meetings were instrumental in leading to far-reaching developments. Shortly after, the active outer work for

the Christian Church opened to the group of which Mr. Griscom was a member. They began in a little mission chapel, and from then on, Mr. Griscom and his fellows laboured to create in it a living centre of true religion.

One can understand nothing of this work, indeed one can understand nothing either of Mr. Griscom's life or of his accomplishment, if it be not realized that such work as his must always be group work, in which self is sunk in a fellowship and a cause that is infinitely greater than self. Behind it all was the Master's will and hand; and it was because "two or three" gathered together in His name, that what was done could be done.

But they had much to contend with:—materialism; the socialism that is the admixture of materialism and sentimentality; ignorance and unreasoning prejudice; and the smallness that cannot tolerate the presence of what is bigger than itself. But despite all, their centre has continued, a growing evidence of the power of the Living Christ and of aspiration to His discipleship—a discipleship whose meaning and whose possibility Mr. Griscom's life alike makes clear.

HENRY BEDINGER MITCHELL.

God asks not, "To which sect did he belong?"
But "Did he love the right and hate the wrong?"

—ANON.

CLEMENT ACTON GRISCOM

TO write a recollection of Clement Griscom is no light task, for there seems so much to say and so few words with which to express it. I believe we first met in 1891, for I do not recall him in Chicago in 1888 or 1889. We met occasionally in the T. S. Headquarters before Mr. Judge went to England after H. P. B.'s death, and it was only after Mr. Judge's death that we met more frequently—though not so frequently as I wished. Others can and will speak of the details of his work and life. At this distance these details were unfamiliar to me save occasionally. But in spite of this distance, the void made by his absence is enormous. It feels as if the front wall of the house had fallen out. Quietly and steadily, for over twenty years, Clement Griscom was the Atlas who had patiently upheld the globe of the external movement on his shoulders. Perhaps this sounds like exaggeration, and we know well there are many who have aided. But those who know the work of the T. S., know also the quiet, steady and steadfast persistence with which he worked day after day and year after year, till over thirty years have passed. Some know the difficulties he encountered and conquered: all can feel grateful to him for his work in the Society and on the QUARTERLY, which gave to others a foundation on which to stand and work. It was said by one of the wise ones a long time ago that the resuscitation of the Movement demanded unflinching will and determination on the part of those who held the position which Clement Griscom held. And he met the need, going on from duty to duty, and fulfilling them all till they became his pleasure. Thus living, he has gone to prepare for further duties in a new life; while we who are left for a time are rejoicing in his promotion to higher duties, though regretting for ourselves the passing of a noble soul. Instance after instance could be given of the essential reliability of the man, and of the kindly and wise help which was ever given when he was called upon. Some advice might not be "agreeable"; but essentially one knew that he never wished one to do what he was not prepared to do himself, and that his guide in all the advice he gave was the query, "What would the Master do?"

ARCHIBALD KEIGHTLEY.

It was in the year 1903 that I met Mr. C. A. Griscom in London and had the pleasure of associating with him for a few days. From this meeting up to the date of his early departure, we were intimate friends, though we never met again personally. How to explain that friendship after such a short acquaintance? I can only say that from the very first meeting I was drawn to him with the feeling of having met a real friend.

And so he was,—a friend to whom I am indebted for much advice and suggestion of a personal nature.

His deep insight in the art of living and in the needs of the soul, and his whole-hearted devotion to the cause of The Theosophical Society and the welfare of mankind, I need not mention. These things are well known to all who associated with him, or who read with some attention his articles in the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY. But I wish to draw attention to a distinctive feature of his, viz. the warm sympathy that sprang from his loving heart and made one feel at home with him at once. He attracted me with a power not seen but strongly felt. And as sympathy of that kind will rouse the same feelings in another heart, and must be reciprocated, I had to be attached to him.

It was my sincere hope and wish to see him again personally, but it was not to be in this incarnation. Meanwhile, to me he is not lost. He was my friend, and he will continue to be so forever, though he has now passed away from this plane of existence. T. H. KNOFF.

The Chief is dead; no more may I look up into that warrior face, with its eyes of love and courage; eyes through which looked forth that gallant soul—warrior and sage, father and guide and confessor. The Chief is dead. I have lost him—the best of friends; a friend comprehending, understanding, tender, bravest of the brave; unsurpassed in honesty of thought and reason, word and deed—the peer of any in selflessness.

How much I owe him! Was it business counsel? From him, you knew, could wise guidance be obtained. Had one been confused in understanding? From him, as from a lighthouse, came the red warnings of danger and the white light which cleared one's way. Were one immersed in self, then, like a surgeon's cleansing knife, came his direct statement, protected against the septic dangers of reaction by the prophylaxis of his love,—a love I have never known to fail. Often I merited and received, criticism and correction, but never once were these tainted with unfairness of any kind. Mr. Griscom was more than truthful; he was just. Consequently, it was impossible to doubt his love. He made it impossible.

His faith was marvellous. He seemed incapable of despair. When it seemed to me as if all were lost in business, or in hope for a soul, or in other tests I have seen him undergo, Mr. Griscom never flinched, never doubted, never despaired.

The pain of his loss increases. But I remember how simply Mr. Griscom spoke of pain, on a rare occasion when I had him all to myself. It was sunset of a lovely day in autumn, and it seemed as if castles and chateaux stood out against the glowing west. He was not speaking of himself, he never did speak of the pain which he himself bore so serenely;

some of us had come to recognize his days of suffering by a singular beauty and gentleness that shone from him then. He said that there were two ways of meeting pain. One way was to refuse to be affected by it—to use the will to ignore it. This, he explained, was the opposite of Christian science which, in denying pain, affirms a lie; while this method of resistance says, in effect, "Yes, hurt if you want to, but what of it? I will go on, though you hurt as much as you please."

The second method was to enter into the pain, to go along with it, seeking to understand it, to give one's self up to it, and thus to learn its lesson. "For," Mr. Griscom said, "there is a loving lesson for us in each and every thing that happens, be it big or little, if only we have the courage to seek for the lesson and for the love within it. I think we find this spirit in some of the saints, leading them to seek all that lies within pain, including joy."

And now I try to seek for the lesson in this great event, yes, and for the joy, and all that comes is a rush of pain and longing and a thousand personal memories. What is the lesson? Surely the Theosophy which Mr. Griscom taught and lived must help me here! He taught me that I am here in the body to learn certain lessons, and that the Master is too wise and too loving to let me go forward leaving the lessons unlearned—the kind, good Law forbids that. If I remain lazy, self-indulgent and extravagant, and refuse to learn the lessons of obedience, how may I hope to continue unbroken that dear relationship with the Chief which was and is my joy?

Do we want to be with him again,—to serve under him in the Cause he loved, serving with and for those whom he loved, and whom he himself served? Then let us face the future, armed with what he taught us, doing what he wished, trusting in the Master who led the way. Mr. Griscom showed us the immortal footprints, and told us whose they are. Now he has followed on: shall we not justify his faith, his love, his efforts for us, and follow too?

But we know our faults. How dare we hope? Must not self-examination make inevitably for despair? A parable, if I may so call it, occurs to me. Let us place ourselves back in the days of the Maid of France. Suppose I were one of those who failed her; who in cowardice left her alone in the hands of the foe; left her to die her martyr's death alone—could I ever really have loved her as my leader had I still done nothing, save to steep myself in remorse and shame? In time would not her death and her love for France have united to create in me a desire, at the least, to die for her by fighting for France? And is it not possible that, in time, my sorrow and contrition, if rightly used, might have made me a better fighter and less of a coward than I had ever been? We know that the cowards who left the Maid to die, became the instruments of fulfilling her prophecies, driving the enemy out of France and doing it by fighting. It did not bring the Maid back. It did justify her life. It won her Cause. We cannot bring Mr.

Griscom back, but, surely, we can do our part to justify his life and his sacrifices, if it be only to fall fighting for his Cause.

Mourn him—yes—and perhaps with breaking hearts, but never with faltering hearts. And the more we enter into the pain, seeking to understand its lesson, the nearer we may perhaps draw to the Master, the living Master and teacher, whom Mr. Griscom so lovingly served. If we become "as little children," at least trying to be good children in that divine relationship, may we not trust Him to let us meet again that dear, faithful, tender, and trusting big brother of ours, a big brother so wise and big that he was "brother at once" and father. What if it means self-sacrifice, self-surrender, yes, and suffering: would that be too big a price to pay for seeing that big brother of ours smiling upon us once more?

With all his knightliness and imagination and romance, Mr. Griscom was, however, pre-eminently practical. How he could cut through a web of phantasy and sophistry, bringing out the need for will rather than for mere feeling; and how he could do it in one flashing, Quaker-clear sentence of common sense! Let us ask ourselves, therefore,—what is the practical thing we can do to make our sorrow dynamic, rather than self-indulgent and cowardly?

What do we think Mr. Griscom would consider left unfinished,—not merely in our own lives, for that might prove selfishly narrowing, but in the lives of others also? Are there not places where he will be missed? How may we serve? Was there not work he was interested in, where we may help? How about The Theosophical Society? If he gave us Theosophy from both head and heart are we to let it die or shall we strive to let others share the treasures he passed on to us? What was the Cause he served? Who was the Master he followed? May we not make them ours?

Can we not all but hear him ask us—smiling, yet not wholly unstern: "Well, you think you are feeling deeply, but just what are you going to do about it?" Are there not others whose death will harrow our souls and tear our hearts? What may we do for them to-day? Are there those whom he loved, whom we too may serve?

Have we never heard Mr. Griscom speak of his living Master and friend, and of the fact that the Passion continues unto this day, because of our sins and failures? Need we further add our share to the world's weight of sin and despair that makes the crucifixion permanent? May we not take our sorrow that the Chief is dead and use it to re-dedicate our lives to the Master whom he served, striving to make of ours what we know he made of his life, and thus, perhaps, giving Mr. Griscom the pleasure of smiling once more upon those who would run to meet him as his "children"?

I feel that he taught me all that I really need for this life. Hence, it must be that he has told me how to satisfy this great desire. What may I find in the treasure house of the memories of his teachings

that shall prove a key to the gate of my hope? How widely he taught me: I have ample material from him to build myself into a better father, son, and brother, a more faithful friend, a more earnest student, a better business man,—a maker of resolutions and a keeper of vows; yes, and above all, with him as exemplar, a fearless, fighting, Christian gentleman. In each of these aspects of a practical student of applied Theosophy and of a disciple of the Master Christ, he stood four-square and unafraid. Surely he who loved us so, has not left us to seek in blindness the path to reunion with him. What may we do to recognize him when next we meet?

There are many of us who are positive that we have been with him before, though there may be no definite brain memory of it in this life. It is perhaps more a matter of flavour. But more than that, has there not been some unity in devotion,—feeble on our part, and imitative, yet seed of the Seed which he had received?

There is The Theosophical Society, and all that it stands for and includes. Madame Blavatsky and Mr. Judge have told us of the part it is to play in the future. If we saturate ourselves with Theosophy; prove untiring in our service to and in the T. S., faithful as students of the Divine Wisdom so generously placed before us, and if we seek in all ways opportunities to live up to our obligations and privileges,—surely we shall "carry over" readiness to rejoin the Theosophical Movement in heart and brain and body. Can we doubt that Mr. Griscom will be part of it?

Then there is his devotion to his Master, and to His undying warfare against the Devil and all his works: may we not seek to share with him in this, until the flame shall burn out the transitory and unreal, leaving only the permanent and true, so that we may recognize our eternal kinship with him, and know and love our big brother anew?

In short, may we not build within our lives a vehicle that shall carry our love and us across the Bridge of Death to meet him? In his "Elementary Articles," in "Vanity," in a score and more of essays and addresses, Mr. Griscom has left us the material, and instructions for its use, to build such a vehicle—a "new man"—dying and living in Christ.

G. W.

EDMUND BURKE

The Statesman for the Present Crisis

"Of this I am certain, that in a democracy, the majority of the citizens is capable of exercising the most cruel oppressions upon the minority, whenever strong divisions prevail in that kind of polity, as they often must; and that oppression of the minority will extend to far greater numbers, and will be carried on with much greater fury, than can almost ever be apprehended from the dominion of a single sceptre. In such a popular persecution, individual sufferers are in a much more deplorable condition than in any other. Under a cruel prince they have the balmy compassion of mankind to assuage the smart of their wounds; they have the plaudits of the people to animate their generous constancy under their sufferings; but those who are subjected to wrong under multitudes, are deprived of all external consolation. They seem deserted by mankind, overpowered by a conspiracy of their whole species."

Reflections on the French Revolution.

"The share of infamy, that is likely to fall to the lot of each individual in public acts, is small indeed; the operation of opinion being in the inverse ratio to the number of those who abuse power. Their own approbation of their own acts has to them the appearance of a public judgment in their favour. A perfect democracy is therefore the most shameless thing in the world."

Ibid.

THROUGH the course of history, as most of us studied it, in schools and since, attention was called to the steadily rising wave of "the People." Wat Tyler and Jack Cade, William Langland, the author of "Piers Plowman," Chaucer's Wyclifite Parson—these return to memory as Promethean martyrs, pioneers of the dumb who had not yet made the amazing discovery that their voice (their votes?) speaks the will of deity—"vox populi vox dei." The wave was in evidence in old Roman days too, as Menenius Agrippa's fable of the belly testifies—and various Consuls also, who endeavoured to allay its danger by pouring on the oil of agrarian and other reforms. The efforts of Huss and similar evangelizers added momentum to the wave, and it was impelled mightily forward by the Protestant Reformation. We see it engulfing Charles the First in England. That was a mere tentative essay of its force. Its triumph came later,—in France of the Revolution. Since 1789, "the People" have swept all in full tide. What kings and royalties remained, remained as a curious relic, preserved by "the People" to mark the contrast between former times and present. These effete monarchies were really monuments to "the People's" strength—tolerated because fangless.

Today, the Karma of our own disobedience, our misplaced and sentimental sympathy, our insubordination, overtakes us. We are fortunate if we can face it, recognize the past, and forever obliterate it, so far as we are concerned. Today, "the People" stand revealed

in natural colours. The euphemistic names they bore, quasi religious and philosophical,—with which we blinded and deluded ourselves,—were euphonious stage names for vulgar reality. They are Mob, and in too many cases,—Thieves and Murderers. They justify their crimes by the wholesale scale on which they are committed.

We must expect to form a very small minority, if we endeavour to right our past mistakes of judgment. There are few people today who regard the French Revolution other than as a great and commendable event. Professor Harper of Princeton University may be taken as an example of what would be called the intelligent, sober, common sense, average view. Professor Harper, writing on Wordsworth's connection with the Revolution in France, expresses this opinion: "The net result of the work of the Constituent Assembly was such as to win the approval of all French patriots and of nearly all progressive Englishmen, Burke being one of the few notable exceptions. What generous and emancipated spirit could fail to applaud its great achievements?" The majority of people would be astounded to hear that the French Revolution may not have been a beneficent event. Such people may frown upon the Russian Bolsheviki. They may regard the Bolsheviki as a hideous perversion of their ideal;—but they do not even surmise that the Bolshevist movement is a logical consequence of their ideal which, in fact, is a very material one. Proof of this is the defensive reservation with which officials and newspapers mention socialism. They have accepted socialism (such is the implication) as axiomatic; they denounce *corrupt* socialism, manifesting in I. W. W. riots, draft objections, etc. A reasoned-out attitude may gradually win some of these people of right intentions. They will discover how slightly their hearts have accepted the equalitarian theories of the head. And the uncompromising processes of the mob, that make academic Arcadias safe for the mob, and for the mob only, will complete the rectification of opinions.

The process of disillusionment will still be slow. The Catholic Church, with a certain hold upon fundamental truths, in spite of its intolerable scheming, will indicate the right direction to a few of its devout members, who, waking to the fallacy of chimerical republican panaceas, know that anarchy can offer them no refuge.[1] Others will move very slowly to realize naked facts. The spontaneous congratulations from most quarters, when the Russian republic was announced, are proof of the prejudices to which men are born. There was no inquiry as to how the revolution was accomplished, or what precautions had been taken for the future of the state. The feeling was only that the final stage of governmental blessedness had been worked out. There were a few to whom the news called up other pictures,—that of the

[1] Marcel Gaveyron, a young Savoyard who died in battle, wrote this in a letter from the front: "Il est effrayant de voir combien les idées ont été faussées et déviées du vrai et du bien, par la vulgarisation des principes chers aux philosophes de toute nuance qui se sont attaqués au catholicisme. Il est à craindre que les esprits, désabusés des chimères républicaines, ne versent dans le socialisme révolutionnaire, plutôt que d'aller abreuver aux vraies sources de la vie."

Princesse de Lamballe, for example. This lady was so loyal to her sovereign that, after a successful escape, she refused to enjoy freedom alone, and returned to share the captivity and fate of her monarch. In a public court room she refused to abjure her sovereigns. The mob rewarded her courageous loyalty by tearing her to pieces as she left the court-house, and by gloating over her naked members. Happy those who share her loyalty, and, if need be, her fate!

Edmund Burke is a teacher for those who feel that the present socialistic trend is wrong, but who have no reasoned out philosophy of government to put in place of what they condemn. As Professor Harper has noted, Burke was almost the solitary prominent man of his age not to be deceived by the Revolutionary glamour. At no stage of its career did he give to the Revolution applause, sympathy, or trust. He feared and hated it as embodying the forces that uncivilize. He had studied it to its root. He is able to help us of a later century, because the present social revolution is only another offshoot from the same evil root.

An estimate of Burke that is not unusual is this: As a young man he was a promising prophet of liberty; but with age, he grew morose and conservative, and reversed his early righteous judgments. Not only Americans, but even some Englishmen hold this view of him. As an American opinion, it would be quite understandable. Within the last thirty years American schools, public and private, have drilled into their pupils' heads the speech on *Conciliation*. Few of that army of students (the parents of to-day) have read anything else of Burke's. Few of them know anything about the speech itself, save that it is reputed a good piece of rhetoric, and that *it was in favour of America against England*. One can see how easily American prejudice would jump to a conclusion,—the conclusion, namely, that Burke was almost an American, in love of liberty and hatred of kings. To reasoners of this kind, Burke's position toward affairs in France would seem morose and insane as well as inconsistent.

In fact, it is rare to meet a workman in any field so consistent as this great political philosopher. During his life he was busied with large and small details of government, correcting abuses, pushing reforms, etc., etc. He gave himself generously and whole-heartedly to these large and small affairs. He worked over them with pains and fervour. It mattered little to him whether the consequence of the issues in which he engaged was fateful or negligible. They were important because they expressed in some degree a principle of government. The pettiest detail might thus take on an eternal significance,—for right or for wrong; it might be of vital importance that an evil principle should be thwarted and a right one vindicated, even in a trivial manifestation. But it was the principles that touched him, in heart and mind, and called forth his aspirations and efforts. In very early youth he discovered two opposing principles,—of government and of life. He put himself on the side of one, and opposed the other, consistently and vigorously until his

death. In 1756, when he was 27 years old, he published his first philosophical writing on society and government. It was in the form of a satire. One of the English "free thinkers," Bolingbroke, from whom the French "liberators" drank copious draughts, had just been published, posthumously. Bolingbroke's point of view was that man needs nothing more to achieve spiritual greatness than to follow the instincts of his nature. The name "natural" religion was given to this system. It was meant to do away with the restraints and regulations of Christian and other religions, that were placed, in opposition to it, as "revealed" religions. Bolingbroke's doctrines might be suitable for Kumaras and other spirits who have won the final victory over the lower nature. But for double-natured man such doctrine is poison. It would mean the easy triumph of the lower nature. Burke recognized this pernicious doctrine, and how grateful it would be to the lower nature. He wished to strike it a blow, not frontal, but in the rear, by applying Bolingbroke's method to government, where he thought its absurdities would be obvious. He would show that "natural" man is in a state of perfect innocence and complete happiness, and that all the miseries of humanity arise out of artificial political laws and arrangements which cramp pure motived man on one side, as the artificialities of revealed religion cramp him on the other. To this end Burke wrote his "Vindication of Natural Society," a satirical arraignment and condemnation of law and organized society. "How far mere nature would have carried us, we may judge by the example of those animals, who still follow her laws, and even of those to whom she has given dispositions more fierce, and arms more terrible, than ever she intended we should use. It is an incontestable truth, that there is more havoc made in one year by men of men, than has been made by all the lions, tigers, panthers, ounces, leopards, hyenas, rhinoceroses, elephants, bears, and wolves, upon their several species, since the beginning of the world; though these agree ill enough with each other, and have a much greater proportion of rage and fury in their composition than we have. But with respect to you, ye legislators, ye civilizers of mankind! ye Orpheuses, Moseses, Minoses, Solons, Theseuses, Lycurguses, Numas! with respect to you be it spoken, your regulations have done more mischief in cold blood, than all the rage of the fiercest animals in their greatest terrors, or furies, has ever done, or ever could do!" The satire is extravagantly obvious in this paragraph. In others, where it is stated with less burlesque, it escapes the attention of those whom one would like it to reach. It seems truth to them. It was complete absurdity to Burke's clear vision. But it is the spontaneous speech of revolutionists. And from soap boxes in New York, one can to-day hear arguments that are word for word like those Burke wrote, in mocking scorn, a century and a half ago. "If political society, in whatever form, has still made the many the property of the few; if it has introduced labours unnecessary, vices and diseases unknown, and pleasures incompatible with nature; if in all countries it abridges the

lives of millions, and renders those of millions more utterly abject and miserable; shall we still worship so destructive an idol, and daily sacrifice to it our health, our liberty, and our peace"?

The arguments of this satire are of very minor importance. But it is important as revealing Burke's clear recognition of two opposing forces, a spiritual and a material. He gave his allegiance as a young man to the spiritual forces of life, and he never swerved from that allegiance. "Man in the state of nature" was to Burke a creature just tolerated by the mercy of God. No arguments as to right and wrong could be based upon so wretched a creature. Burke sought truth at the other pole of the universe, in God. He found it there. He was constantly alert to the dangers of the "state of nature" point of view. And he combated them vigorously. He was convinced "that a mind, which has no restraint from a sense of its own weakness, of its subordinate rank in the creation, and of the extreme danger of letting the imagination loose upon some subjects, may very plausibly attack everything the most excellent and venerable; that it would not be difficult to criticize the creation itself; and that if we were to examine the divine fabric by our ideas of reason and fitness, and to use the same method of attack by which some men have assaulted revealed religion, we might with as good colour and with the same success, make the wisdom and power of God in his creation appear to many no better than foolishness."

The French Revolution broke out when Burke was sixty years old. It was not necessary for him to make any right-about-face of principles at that crisis. The Revolution was an open manifestation of the evil forces he had early discovered as working both on the outer and on the inner sphere of life. He applied his principles,—principles not of his own devising, "but moulded into the nature and essence of things"—to this riot of insubordination; he applied them with energy, with his utmost force, because he felt that civilization and the cause of righteousness were at stake. He pointed out the causes and conduct of the Revolution and the motives of the Revolutionists, as causes and motives have rarely been pointed out.

Since Burke's attitude in the dispute between the colonies and England furnishes occasion for the charge of inconsistency that is often brought against him, it will be well, before taking up his later work, to understand just what his attitude and sympathy were,—what reservations should be made upon the assertion that his feeling as expressed in the speeches on Taxation and Conciliation, is an all-American feeling.

He saw human society as a whole, and the individual nations that make up that whole, as living things, organisms, animated by the life principle, just as an individual man is.

"Society is indeed a contract. Subordinate contracts for objects of mere occasional interest may be dissolved at pleasure—but the state ought not to be considered as nothing better than a partnership agreement in a trade of pepper and coffee, calico or tobacco, or some other such low concern, to be taken up

for a little temporary interest, and to be dissolved by the fancy of the parties. It is to be looked on with other reverence; because it is not a partnership in things subservient only to the gross animal existence of a temporary and perishable nature. It is a partnership in all science; a partnership in all art; a partnership in every virtue, and in all perfection. As the ends of such a partnership cannot be obtained in many generations, it becomes a partnership not only between those who are living, but between those who are living, those who are dead, and those who are to be born. Each contract of each particular state is but a clause in the great primæval contract of eternal society, linking the lower with the higher natures, connecting the visible and invisible world, according to a fixed compact sanctioned by the inviolable oath which holds all physical and all moral natures, each in their appointed place. This law is not subject to the will of those, who by an obligation above them, and infinitely superior, are bound to submit their will to that law. The municipal corporations of that universal kingdom are not morally at liberty at their pleasure, and on their speculations of a contingent improvement, wholly to separate and tear asunder the bands of their subordinate community, and to dissolve it into an unsocial, uncivil, unconnected chaos of elementary principles. It is the first and supreme necessity only, a necessity that is not chosen, but chooses, a necessity paramount to deliberation, that admits no discussion, and demands no evidence, which alone can justify a resort to anarchy. This necessity is no exception to the rule; because this necessity itself is a part too of that moral and physical disposition of things, to which man must be obedient by consent or force: but if that which is only submission to necessity should be made the object of choice, the law is broken, nature is disobeyed, and the rebellious are outlawed, cast forth, and exiled, from this world of reason, and order, and peace, and virtue, and fruitful penitence, into the antagonist world of madness, discord, vice, confusion, and unavailing sorrow."

The hidden principle of life manifests itself in states as growth, development—growth from a beginning toward an ideal preconceived for each state. The conventions, customs, traditions, laws, and religions of a country are, in the main, those which it has found by experience to be convenient and suitable in its growth. The difficulties and crises which Burke had to consider concerned states that had a background of history,—England, France, India, etc. They were not new countries. Hence conservatism was his manner of action,—to follow the example and analogy of the past,—to be very wary of radical changes. "A disposition to preserve, and an ability to improve," he wrote in one place, "would be my standard of a statesman." His toleration in matters religious is one example of this conservatism. He not only disapproved the jealousies of rival sects in Christian countries, but he advocated a very liberal toleration: "I would give a full civil protection, in which I include an immunity from all disturbance of their public religious worship, and a power of teaching in schools as well as temples, to Jews, Mahometans and even Pagans, especially if they are already possessed of those advantages by long and prescriptive usage."*

In this conservative frame of mind Burke studied the internal and colonial and foreign relations of his country. George III became King in 1760. In 1770, Burke wrote his pamphlet entitled *Thoughts on the*

* Correspondence.

Cause of the Present Discontents. The conclusion of his study was: England is disturbed because the King has disregarded national tradition which makes the House of Commons depend upon the people at large. Four years later the question of colonial taxation came up. What is Burke's summary of the position? Is it not frankly that George III's policy is contrary to tradition? And may it not be true that Burke's position was taken as much from *imperial* sympathy as from American? The colonies seemed to him part of the Empire's natural growth. A distemper at the heart of the Empire (the monarch's disregard of traditional financial policy) was manifesting itself in a susceptible part,—the colonies. Burke wished to check the spread of the disease and to save the affected member of the body politic. He did not wish the Empire to lose either its moral or material greatness. Is not this the animating spirit of his American speeches, rather than a Jeffersonian theory as to the "rights of man"? He was deeply sympathetic with the grievances of the colonists. He said they would not be Englishmen, if they tolerated the King's scheme. He deplored the efforts of the Crown to stir up the Indian tribes against the colonists. But, plainly as he expressed these feelings, he expressed also just as plainly, the doubt, whether a venture in a new form of government would, in the long run, prove successful. "Untried forms of government may, to unstable minds, recommend themselves even by their novelty. But you will do well to remember that England has been great and happy under the present limited monarchy (subsisting in more or less vigour and purity) for several hundred years. None but England can communicate to you the benefits of such a constitution. We apprehend you are not now, nor for ages are likely to be, capable of that form of constitution in an independent state. Besides, let us suggest to you our apprehensions that your present union (in which we rejoice, and which we wish long to subsist) cannot always subsist without the authority and weight of this great and long-respected body, to equipoise, and to preserve you amongst yourselves in a just and fair equality. It may not even be impossible that a long course of war with the administration of this country may be but a prelude to a series of wars and contentions among yourselves, to end, at length, (as such scenes have too often ended,) in a species of humiliating repose, which nothing but the preceding calamities would reconcile to the dispirited few who survived them."

Burke's position in the American crisis under George III is to be described, then, as imperial rather than as revolutionary or American. He respected in the colonists a traditional English spirit toward a trespassing monarch. The "rights of man," and non-monarchical or anti-monarchical ideas were not even discussed. Indeed the frame of mind of the colonists in 1776 ought to be called English. When their conflict was over, and the infant states had won their point, it seemed almost a matter of chance whether a monarchy would be established or not, so unpronounced at that time was the feeling against it. The more

recent American attitude of jealousy and suspicion toward England and toward monarchy, formed later on, as the anarchic revolution proceeded in France, and as there arose in America an erroneous desire to give itself a glorious past, independent of English history, by magnifying a small domestic dissension to the extravagant proportions of a world conflict.

The troubles that started in France in 1789 were altogether different in kind from the American dispute over taxation. The American Revolution was wholly a family misunderstanding. It was a question of domestic policy. It troubled Burke as a grave disturbance, a disorder to be set right. But it could not be regarded as more than a *national* question. The utmost principle at stake was a national tradition concerning taxation. In the pages of universal history that domestic altercation could fill but small space. But the principles at stake in the French Revolution are of universal and cosmical significance—they are the same principles of obedience against insubordination for which Michael and his angels fought Lucifer. Another phase of the same age-long conflict, embodied this time in the cause of the Allies against Germany, seemed about to issue in victory for the White Lodge when the evil Armistice intervened, with anarchy in its train, to wrest for the Black Lodge, if possible, the victory that could not be obtained by force of arms.

Edmund Burke's thorough analysis of the situation in 1789 may illumine those who are honestly seeking a guide through the chaos and anarchy that are the fruit of the Armistice. If they are honest seekers, he will help them discover the unsuspected Bolshevism that lurks in the governmental theories they have hitherto regarded as eminently respectable, Christian, and progressive.

Burke's political philosophy will help only those who are seeking. To quote it or preach it to those who are content with their sugar-coated Bolshevism, acknowledged or latent, will only infuriate or mystify. Because Burke's philosophy and practice proceed from a spiritual view of life, the recognition of a God as supreme, and of man as a creature dependent upon God. But with what dignity, actual and potential, does that Creator endow his dependent, giving him as goal, Divine perfection, and entrusting to him much of the effort to win that goal! Burke saw government as one of the aids compassionately granted by God to man in the struggle toward perfection.[2] "Every sort of moral, every sort of civil, every sort of politic institution, aiding the rational and natural ties that connect the human understanding and affections to the divine, are not more than necessary, in order to build up that wonderful structure, Man; whose prerogative it is, to be in a great degree a creature of his own making; and who, when made as he ought to be made is destined to hold no trivial place in the creation." Government thus

[2] "They [English men of thought] conceive that He who gave our nature to be perfected by our virtue, willed also the necessary means of its perfection. He willed therefore the state." —*Reflections on the French Revolution.*

becomes a "right" of the higher nature which Burke was almost alone in championing, against the "rights" of the lower nature, otherwise called the "rights of man."[3]

One finds little speculative discussion in Burke upon the forms of government. For though he was a great philosopher and metaphysician, his metaphysics were the solid substructure of consistent and symmetrical practice. He might be called a great practitioner. His principles were ever present in thought as the guide and criterion by which to judge the events taking place around him. He was so confident of the eternal truth and immutability of his principles, grounded, as he felt them to be, in life itself, that he did not draw them out constantly to the light for revision and reformation. He gave himself to the righting of endless details of state, so that the state might more truly manifest the eternal principles of government. Theorizing was distasteful to him. Hence there is practically no reasoning as to what in the abstract is the best form of government. That, he would say, is altogether a relative question, to be decided only by knowledge of the people and their country. He was familiar with the past history of the world and judged it, as he judged present events, with reference to his principles. He drew helpful conclusions from past history, but did not derive from it his principles.[4] He might have found in language an analogy with government. Language, too, would seem to be a divine gift to man; but languages arise each one from the genius of its people.

Burke had, unconsciously, enough of the Theosophical attitude, to understand that this is true also of Religion and religions. "The body of all true religion," he wrote, "consists, to be sure, in obedience to the will of the sovereign of the world; in a confidence in his declarations; and in imitation of his perfections. The rest is our own. It may be prejudicial to the great end; it may be auxiliary. Wise men, who as such are not *admirers* (not admirers at least of the Munera Terrae) are not violently attached to these things, nor do they violently hate them. Wisdom is not the most severe corrector of folly. They are the rival follies, which mutually wage so unrelenting a war; and which make so cruel a use of their advantages, as they can happen to engage the immoderate vulgar, on the one side, or the other, in their quarrels." As with the forms of

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[3] "The restraints on men, as well as their liberties, are to be reckoned among their rights." —*Reflections on the French Revolution.*

"Men are qualified for civil liberty in exact proportion to their disposition to put moral chains upon their own appetites; in proportion as their love to justice is above their rapacity . . . Society cannot exist unless a controlling power upon will and appetite be placed somewhere, and the less of it there is within, the more there must be without. It is ordained in the eternal constitution of things, that men of intemperate minds cannot be free. Their passions forge their fetters."—*Letter to Member of National Assembly.*

[4] In a private letter to a friend, he wrote: "My principles enable me to form my judgment upon men and actions in history, just as they do in common life, and are not formed out of events and characters, either past or present. History is a preceptor of prudence, not of principles. The principles of true politics are those of morality enlarged. . . . The principles that guide us in public and private, as they are not of our devising, but moulded into the nature and essence of things will endure with the sun and moon,—long, very long after Whig and Tory, Stuart and Brunswick, and all such miserable bubbles and playthings of the hour, are vanished from existence and from memory.

religion, so the forms of government, likewise originate from the genius of peoples. While Burke was too liberal in his culture to wish to impose any special form of government upon nations in general, and too practical to wish to make the world in general safe for oligarchy (or any other system) he had a natural reverence for the British plan of a monarchy, a nobility and a represented populace.[5]

One point must be made entirely clear. When Burke said that forms of government originate with peoples, he was not making of "the People" the divinity that is worshipped to-day. He was speaking of the nation at large. For he recognized grades of life in nature and classes of men in society. He saw "the People" as the weakest and most unwise of the community, incapable of right judgment and action save under controlling leadership. In a private letter, that mentions the indifference of the populace at a certain crisis he wrote: "The people are not answerable for their present supine acquiescence; indeed they are not. God and nature never made them to think or to act without guidance and direction."[6] He held that "the People" could be recognized as a member of the body politic only when they were organized under leaders who are their superiors. "To enable men to act with the weight and character of a people, and to answer the ends for which they are incorporated into that capacity, we must suppose them (by means immediate or consequential) to be in that state of habitual social discipline, in which the wise, the more expert, and the more opulent conduct, and by conducting enlighten and protect, the weaker, the less knowing, and the less provided with the goods of fortune." Burke leaves no opportunity open for misunderstanding; he uses the hated and obsolete word, "aristocracy," to describe those who are the people's guides. He says not only that aristocracy is a fact of nature, but that it is the soul to the body, and without it a nation cannot exist; that, when the masses are separated from their natural leaders they become an adverse army of vagabonds, terrible as wild beasts, to be fought and subdued before any security can exist. "A true natural aristocracy is not a separate interest in the state, or separable from it. It is an essential integrant part of any large body rightly constituted. It is formed out of a class of legitimate presumptions which, taken as

[5] It was the delicate balance of the English system that pleased Burke. In *Present Discontents* he wrote: "Our constitution stands on a nice equipoise, with steep precipices and deep waters upon all sides of it. In removing it from a dangerous leaning toward one side, there may be a risk of oversetting it on the other. Every project of a material change in a government so complicated as ours, combined at the same time with external circumstances still more complicated, is a matter full of difficulties." Elsewhere he writes: "To make a government requires no great prudence. Settle the seat of power; teach obedience; and the work is done. To give freedom is still more easy. It is not necessary to guide; it only requires to let go the rein. But to form a *free government*, that is, to temper together these opposite elements of liberty and restraint in one consistent work, requires much thought, deep reflection, a sagacious, powerful and combining mind."

[6] "Let me wish my young friend . . . to draw a useful lesson from the unprincipled behaviour of a corrupt and licentious people:—that is never to sacrifice his principles to the hope of obtaining their affections; to regard and wish them well, as a part of his fellow creatures, whom his best instincts and his highest duties lead him to love and serve, but to put as little trust in them as in princes."—*Letter to John Burke*, 1776.

generalities, must be admitted for actual truths. To be bred in a place of estimation; to see nothing low and sordid from one's infancy; to be taught to respect one's self; to be habituated to the censorial inspection of the public eye; to look early to public opinion; to stand upon such elevated ground as to be enabled to take a large view of the widespread and infinitely diversified combinations of men and affairs in a large society; to have leisure to read, to reflect, to converse; to be enabled to draw the court and attention of the wise and learned wherever they are to be found;—to be habituated in armies to command and to obey; to be taught to despise danger in the pursuit of honour and duty; to be formed to the greatest degree of vigilance, foresight, and circumspection, in a state of things in which no fault is committed with impunity, and the slightest mistakes draw on the most ruinous consequences—to be led to a guarded and regulated conduct, from a sense that you are considered as an instructor of your fellow-citizens in their highest concerns, and that you act as a reconciler between God and man—to be employed as an administrator of law and justice, and to be thereby amongst the first benefactors to mankind—to be a professor of high science, or of liberal and ingenuous art—to be amongst rich traders, who from their success are presumed to have sharp and vigorous understandings and to possess the virtues of diligence, order, constancy, and regularity, and to have cultivated an habitual regard to commutative justice:—these are the circumstances of men that form what I should call a *natural* aristocracy."[7]

The existence of these two natural divisions in a state, a small aristocracy of leaders, and a large body of the inexperienced, invalidates the popular notion of equality of representation and a decision by majority ballot. In a form of government that includes representative bodies, the leaders must be given a consideration that quite outweighs the arithmetical predominance of the mass of people. This attitude of Burke toward the ballot is spiritual in that it regards men as centres of moral forces, not as mere physical bodies. The French agitators had declared that twenty-four millions ought to prevail over two hundred thousand. "True," Burke answered, "if the constitution of a kingdom be a problem of arithmetic." It is so much more than a problem of arithmetic. It is a problem of the eternal welfare of a nation, of a multitude of souls. The will and the interest of that multitude would often be at variance, just as in the case of an individual. The result of evil willing might be spiritual catastrophe. Therefore the multitude should be carefully protected in the offices of its governors.

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[7] Burke writes elsewhere: "Nobility is a graceful ornament to the civil order. It is the Corinthian capital of polished society. *Omnes boni nobilitati semper favemus*, was the saying of a wise and good man. It is indeed one sign of a liberal and benevolent mind to incline to it with some sort of partial propensity. He feels no ennobling principle in his own heart, who wishes to level all the artificial institutions which have been adopted for giving a body to opinion, and permanence to fugitive esteem. It is a sour, malignant, envious disposition, without taste for the reality, or for any image or representation of virtue, that sees with joy the unmerited fall of what had long flourished in splendour and in honor."

No matter what the form of government, king, nobles, and popular representatives, all exist for the sake of the people—to lead the people toward its Divine goal.[8] This subservience of the monarch and the leaders should not, however, be distorted for the evil purposes of the lower nature; the king is the "servant" of the people in that he serves the aims of their soul; he is not the servant of their will. And he holds his high position not through their choice, but in most cases through the law of inheritance. Again Burke does not speculate or theorise about this law or the original rights of some family to a throne. He finds the law in operation. He gives his mind to discovering the wisdom underlying it. He finds it easily,—the law of inheritance guarantees to a man the fruit of his labour. In a state, an inherited crown guarantees to the populace the inheritance of their privileges and gains. One of his most eloquent paragraphs points out the correspondence of this law with the general course of nature: "This policy appears to me to be the result of profound reflection; or rather the happy effect of following nature, which is wisdom without reflection, and above it. A spirit of innovation is generally the result of a selfish temper and confined views. People will not look forward to posterity, who never look backward to their ancestors. Besides, the people of England well know, that the idea of inheritance furnishes a sure principle of conservation, and a sure principle of transmission; without at all excluding a principle of improvement. It leaves acquisition free; but it secures what it acquires. Whatever advantages are obtained by a state proceeding on these maxims, are locked fast as in a sort of family settlement; grasped as in a kind of mortmain forever. By a constitutional policy, working after the pattern of nature, we receive, we hold, we transmit our government and our privileges, in the same manner in which we enjoy and transmit our property and our lives. The institutions of policy, the goods of fortune, the gifts of providence, are handed down to us, and from us, in the same course and order. Our political system is placed in a just correspondence and symmetry with the order of the world, and with the mode of existence decreed to a permanent body composed of transitory parts; wherein, by the disposition of a stupendous wisdom, moulding together the great mysterious incorporation of the human race, the whole, at one time, is never old, or middle-aged, or young, but, in a condition of unchangeable constancy, moves on through the varied tenor of perpetual decay, fall, renovation, and progression. Thus, by preserving the method of nature in the conduct of the state, in what we improve, we are never wholly new; in what we retain, we are never wholly obsolete. By adhering in this manner and on those principles to our forefathers, we are guided not by the superstition of antiquarians, but by the spirit of philosophic analogy. In this choice of inheritance we have given to our frame of

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[8] "It is not the derivation of the power of that House (of Commons) from the people, which makes it in a distinct sense their representative. The King is the representative of the people; so are the lords; so are the judges. They are all trustees for the people."

polity the image of a relation in blood; binding up the constitution of our country with our dearest domestic ties; adopting our fundamental laws into the bosom of our family affections; keeping inseparable, and cherishing with the warmth of all their combined and mutually reflected charities, our state, our hearths, our sepulchres, and our altars."

Some of Burke's fundamental principles (or, as he called them, "immutable and eternal") have now been shown. One may easily retort that they are antiquated and obsolete, a mere prolongation of the ideals of chivalry. But suppose these ideals be judged by their fruits. They make for order. They teach high and low to seek and to recognize the happiness that is to be found by virtue in all conditions. Without confounding ranks, they hand down this true moral equality through all the gradations of social life. They teach the unfortunate to find consolation in the final proportions of eternal justice. Opposed to this ideal and practice, there is the monstrous fiction of liberty and equality, by whatever name the governmental system may be called. A fiction, because those who attempt to level, never equalize. Men are by nature unequal. In every society some men must be uppermost. The following of Burke's plan would place the worthiest in places of authority. The popular ballot usually makes Barabbas uppermost. Those whose false idealism would make the world safe for liberty, so-called, end by inspiring false ideas and vain expectations in men destined to travel in the obscure walk of life; thus they aggravate and embitter that real inequality which they never can remove. They "change and pervert the natural order of things; they load the edifice of society, by setting up in the air what the solidity of the structure requires to be on the ground." The net result is anarchy, with murder, theft, and rapine unrebuked.

C. C. Clark.

Listen to God, and follow His inward voice of grace; that is all. But to listen one must be silent; and to follow one must yield.—Fénélon.

RUNOTAR

IN the land where the long Northern twilight, with its sadness and its secret longing, lingers over the stillness of the summer-night, the land where the Rune-rods, carved deep into the granite sides of the hills, whisper mysteries of bygone traditions, way up in Finland, close to the mighty river Suomi, was living Runotar, the old Witch, who was guardian of the Northern Song. Low and lonely was her cabin. Lonesome and forsaken was her life within.

The rumour of her song was spreading out over the country. It went from the forest into the cabins, reached the villages and entered the great cities. In among the rattling machinery and the haste and fever of industry and shipping, in among the merchants selling and buying, on it went, this silent messenger of the Witch, of Runotar, hidden somewhere in the heart of Nature.

People heard it, some laughing and mocking; some others respectfully kept silence, not knowing what to think. A few there were, more in earnest, who heard the rumour and went into the forest to find the Witch, and learn the secret of her song, but they all came back laughing. There was no Witch. It was the roar of the great river Suomi, ringing through the forest, and nothing else.

One day a young man, tired of life and gaiety, went deep into Nature to find loneliness and to find rest. On he went. The rumour of Runotar brought him farther and farther. He would find the Witch and he would learn her secrets. Close to the river Suomi he found her cabin. Low and moss-clad it stood, hidden under the tall pine trees. Footprints were there leading to and from this lonely dwelling. Light and easy those which led to the cabin, heavy and burdened those returning. With fear in his heart he stepped closer. With fear he entered the cabin, saw the Witch, saw Runotar, the guardian of the Northern Song.

Long and earnestly did she look upon him, and he in fear returned her look.

Was she an old withered woman or was she a fair, splendid beauty? He could not tell. He did not know.

He stammered his message. He wanted from her the secret of her Song. Long and far he had been looking for her, in the throng and rush of the big cities, in the depth of the wine cups, in the dance and flutter of the gay life, in the fire of a woman's eyes, but nowhere was Runotar, the guardian of true song; until one day he found the narrow trail, close to the heart of Nature, which brought him to her cabin.

Runotar, the old Witch, saw his fear and saw his earnest purpose, and she smiled upon him.

"Well, you can stay with me in my cabin," she replied, "and for one thousand years you can remain, and I will teach you all my songs, from

the first one to the last one, but still you shall not have the gift of Music or the Secret of my Song. Will you learn the Secret? Will you see the land where Music dwells? Go alone into the forest and hide a sorrow in your bosom and from your own heart shall song be born.

Gone was the cabin, gone was Runotar, and the majestic forest alone was closing in upon him. With wonder he looked round. In fear he was calling out, but only echo answered, but in the echo was a whisper that went straight to his soul. The forest round him took up the whisper. The secret he was yearning for was there and deep within was Runotar.

Was she an old withered woman, from whom he shrank in horror, or was she a splendid beauty of Eternal Youth? He could not tell. He did not know, but low and lonely was her cabin. Lonesome and forsaken was her life within.

BIRGER ELWING.

That thou mayst not be moved by every blast of wind
Collect thyself like a mountain;
For man is but a handful of dust,
And life is a violent storm.

—AMIR KHUSRAM.

A NEW FORM OF MATTER

As Known to Science and in the Secret Doctrine

HARPER'S MONTHLY, for May, contains an article by J. D. Beresford which gives a very interesting introduction to a new form of matter, describing the oozing out of astral substance more completely than has previously been done. Much of the detail is of course familiar to theosophical students. One interesting point is that this matter, which oozed out of the mouth and from the two sides, the neck and the shoulders of the medium, could be collected in a box, and it was proposed to subject it to analysis. When the box was opened, there were only two or three drops of moisture, and this liquid was shown to consist of cell detritus, highly bacterial, with vestiges of other organic compounds. Care was taken to show that there was clear evidence of an organic basis, and though the cell detritus had an analogy to the vegetable kingdom, there was again a suggestion rather of the fungoid tissue than that of animal structure. This ethereal effluence could be moulded, at the will of the medium, into substances of distinctly animal structure, such as hair. And this hair, when subjected to the action of acids, decomposed in somewhat similar fashion to the hair of ordinary persons present.

But the main point of interest, to readers of the Theosophical Quarterly, would be found by referring to the *Secret Doctrine,* pages 262 and 263 of the earlier editions, which makes special reference to the highly bacterial content of the liquid found on the breaking down of the substances proposed to be submitted for analysis. If this extruded material is allied to the astral, the passage cited shows that the linking-up of the astral mould to the physical cells would assuredly be of a highly bacterial nature. Students who are interested in such phenomena as are recorded in the Beresford article, would surely find points of very great interest in the inferences to be drawn from the *Secret Doctrine* teaching; the passage that is of most immediate value being given below.—A. K.

From *The Secret Doctrine*

"Science teaches us that the living as well as the dead organisms of both man and animal are swarming with bacteria of a hundred various kinds; that from without we are threatened with the invasion of microbes with every breath we draw, and from within by leucomaines, ærobes, anærobes, and what not. But Science has never yet gone so far as to assert with the Occult doctrine, that our bodies, as well as those of animals, plants, and stones, are themselves altogether built up of such beings; which, with the exception of the larger species,

no microscope can detect. So far as regards the purely animal and material portion of man, Science is on its way to discoveries that will go far towards corroborating this theory. Chemistry and Physiology are the two great magicians of the future, which are destined to open the eyes of mankind to great physical truths. With every day, the identity between the animal and physical man, between the plant and man, and even between the reptile and its nest, the rock, and man—is more and more clearly shown. The physical and chemical constituents of all being found to be identical, Chemical Science may well say that there is no difference between the matter which composes the ox, and that which forms man. But the Occult doctrine is far more explicit. It says: Not only the chemical compounds are the same, but the same infinitesimal *invisible* Lives compose the atoms of the bodies of the mountain and the daisy, of man and the ant, of the elephant and of the tree which shelters it from the sun. Each particle—whether you call it organic or inorganic—*is a* Life. Every atom and molecule in the Universe is both *life-giving* and *death-giving* to such forms, inasmuch as it builds by aggregation universes, and the ephemeral vehicles ready to receive the transmigrating soul, and as eternally destroys and changes the *forms,* and expels the souls from their temporary abodes. It creates and kills; it is self-generating and self-destroying; it brings into being, and annihilates, that mystery of mysteries, the *living body* of man, animal, or plant, every second in time and space; and it generates equally life and death, beauty and ugliness, good and bad, and even the agreeable and disagreeable, the beneficent and maleficent sensations. It is that mysterious LIFE, represented collectively by countless myriads of Lives, that follows in its own sporadic way the hitherto incomprehensible law of Atavism; that copies family resemblances, as well as those it finds impressed in the Aura of the generators of every future human being; a mystery, in short, that will receive fuller attention elsewhere. For the present, one instance may be cited in illustration. Modern Science is beginning to find out that ptomaine, the alkaloid poison generated by decaying corpses and matter —a Life also, extracted with the help of volatile ether, yields a smell as strong as that of the freshest orange-blossoms; but that free from oxygen, such alkaloids yield either a most sickening, disgusting smell, or a most agreeable aroma, which recalls that of the most delicately scented flowers; and it is suspected that such blossoms owe their agreeable smell to the poisonous ptomaine. The venomous essence of certain fungi, also, is nearly identical with the venom of the cobra of India, the most deadly of serpents. The French savants Arnaud, Gautier, and Villiers, have found in the saliva of living men the same venomous alkaloid as in that of the toad, the salamander, the cobra, and the trigonocephalus of Portugal. It is proven that venom of the deadliest kind, whether called ptomaine, or leucomaine, or alkaloid, is generated by living men, animals and plants. . . . And though it is not yet

fully determined whether poisons can be generated by the animal systems of living beings, without the participation and interference of microbes, it is ascertained that the animal does produce venomous substances in its physiological or living state.

"Thus, having discovered the effects, Science has to find their *primary* causes; and this it can never do without the help of the old sciences, of Alchemy, Occult Botany and Physics. We are taught that every physiological change, in addition to pathological phenomena, diseases—nay, life itself, or rather the objective phenomena of life, produced by certain conditions and changes in the tissues of the body, which allow and force life to act in that body—that all this is due to those unseen "Creators" and "Destroyers," which are called, in such a loose and general way, microbes. It might be supposed that these Fiery Lives and the microbes of Science are identical. This is not true. The Fiery Lives are the seventh and highest sub-division of the plane of matter, and correspond in the individual with the One Life of the Universe, though only on that plane of matter. The microbes of Science are the first and lowest sub-division on the second plane—that of material Prâna, or Life. The physical body of man undergoes a complete change of structure every seven years, and its destruction and preservation are due to the alternate functions of the Fiery Lives, as Destroyers and Builders. They are Builders by sacrificing themselves, in the form of vitality, to restrain the destructive influence of the microbes, and, by supplying the microbes with what is necessary, they compel them under that restraint to build up the material body and its cells. They are Destroyers also, when that restraint is removed, and the microbes, unsupplied with vital constructive energy, are left to run riot as destructive agents. Thus, during the first half of a man's life, the first *five* periods of seven years each, the Fiery Lives are indirectly engaged in the process of building up man's material body; Life is on the ascending scale, and the force is used in construction and increase. After this period is passed, the age of retrogression commences, and, the work of the Fiery Lives exhausting their strength, the work of destruction and decrease also commences."

ALSACE AND LORRAINE

Part III

Section II (*Concluded*)

In preceding sections the essential character of the German peoples has been traced from earliest days to the sixteenth century. German beastliness and brutishness have been discovered as not merely the faults of character of an otherwise noble people, but as the actual character of that people itself. In other words, the faults which Germany has redisplayed in this War are herself. It is virtues which are deflections of the German *Wesen,* not vices. In this the Germans are truly a singular people; the antithesis of most we call civilized to-day.

The author does not intend to subject readers of the Quarterly to further details of Germany's enduring depravity,—beyond what is actually necessary. It has been the duty, and will continue to be the painful duty, of the student of history to read German history as it is. Only so can the absurdity and falsity of German claims be recognized, and be exposed, for the colossal imposture they are. But enough has been shown already of the early setting, out of which more modern German history has evolved, to prove that at least most of it was not propitious for the production either of refinement, of nobility, or of culture, and that it was not the glorious thing it has been made out to be.

The Germany of Luther's time, of the Peasants' Revolt, or later, of the Thirty Years' War (1618-1648) with its atrocious cruelties, its sack of Magdebourg, its plagues, its devil-possession manias, and its open debauch and irreligion—these things were certainly no evidence of a high preceding civilization, or the fruit of a noble past, of superior culture. The period is too well known to need elaboration or analysis. This Thirty Years' War was perhaps a cyclic climax, when the complicated forces of evil which had accumulated through the centuries in Germany, turned finally upon each other in a cataclysm of destruction. One or two quotations, from German sources, will suffice to give a résumé; and it might be well to remember, by way of contrast, that in France it was the time of Richelieu, and the founding of the French Academy, the Sorbonne, and the Jardin des Plantes; of Mazarin, of Corneille, of Descartes, of the chaste Louis XIII, and of St. Vincent de Paul; while in England it was the time of James I and our Bible, of Charles I, of Bacon, and Beaumont and Fletcher, of Milton, Crashaw, Sir Thomas Browne, and Jeremy Taylor.

In 1879 Karl Hillebrand delivered six lectures before the Royal Institute of Great Britain, published under the title *German Thought from the Seven Years' War to Goethe's Death.* Summarizing frankly

the history of his own country, he says: "Germany came out of the Thirty Years' War almost expiring. It was as if a deadly illness had wiped out the memory of the nation in its cruel delirium. All the national forces, material as well as intellectual and moral, were destroyed when peace was concluded in 1648. There are fertile wars and sterile wars; civil and religious wars belong mostly to the latter class. Still the religious wars in France, and the Great Rebellion in England, were light spring storms compared with that terrible Thirty Years' War which left Germany a desert . . . Hundreds of flourishing cities were reduced to ashes; there were towns of eighteen thousand inhabitants which counted but three hundred and twenty-four at the peace; ground which had been tilled and ploughed for ten centuries had become a wilderness; thousands of villages had disappeared. Trees grew in the abandoned houses. At Wiesbaden the market had grown into a brushwood full of deer. The whole Palatinate had but two hundred freeholders; Würtemberg had but forty-eight thousand inhabitants at the end of the war instead of the four hundred thousand which it had mustered at the beginning. We are told that a messenger going from Dresden to Berlin, through a once flourishing country, walked thirty miles without finding a house to rest in. The war had devoured, on an average, three quarters of the population, two thirds of the houses, nine tenths of the cattle of all sorts; nearly three quarters of the soil had turned into heath. Commerce and industry were as utterly destroyed as agriculture; the mighty Hanseatic League was dissolved; the savings of the nation were entirely spent . . .

"The social and moral state corresponded with the material. Many schools and churches stood abandoned, for public instruction and public worship had nearly perished. The highly cultivated language of Luther was utterly forgotten, together with the whole literature of his time. The most vulgar vices had taken root in people who had been reared from their infancy in the horrors of war. Every higher aim and interest had been lost sight of; *not a vestige of a national tradition remained.* There was no middle class nor gentry left; the higher noblemen had become despotic princes, with no hand over them, since the Emperor was but a name; the lower went to their court to do lackey's service. A whole generation had grown up during the war, and considered its savage barbarism as a normal state of society . . . Suicides became so frequent after the war, that an Imperial law ordered self-murderers to be buried under the gallows. From houses and churches the old artistic furniture had disappeared, and was replaced by coarse and cheap utensils. The peasants' dwellings differed little from those of their animals . . . An unprecedented coarseness of manners had invaded not only courts and cities, but also the universities and the clergy. There was servility everywhere . . . Cowardice had become the common vice of the lower people and of what remained of the middle class, in a time when the free citizens were weaned from the use of arms through

the numerous mercenary troops, which had become gangs of highwaymen. The prodigality, vanity, and luxury of the higher classes infected the lower; the contagion was general. Everybody wanted a title—for it was then that the great title-mania set in, of which Germany is not yet entirely cured. Theology in its most rigid form, superstition of the rudest character, had replaced religion; pedantry had taken the place of erudition. The study of the Greek language had almost disappeared from the universities and colleges, where the professors vied with the students in vulgar vices. Drinking became a profession; there were travelling drinkers; at the highest Court of the Empire at Wetzlar, an examination in drinking was exacted from the newly-appointed assessors by their colleagues. Every baron had his mistresses, as well as an Augustus of Saxony, or a George of Hanover. 'At the court of Dresden,' says a contemporary, 'there are numbers of people who, not being able to live from their own resources, sacrifice their wives to maintain themselves in favour.' Gambling had become a general habit . . . Venality and nepotism prevailed among the numerous officials; pauperism and mendacity among the lower people; ignorance and immorality everywhere . . . Foreign manners and foreign languages were adopted everywhere . . . National unity scarcely existed even in words and forms. The Empire was organized anarchy . . . Germany had really and truly become a geographical expression . . . The small states, which the court-theologians called complacently 'true gardens of God, cultivated by princely hands,' had in reality become hot-beds of debauch and tyranny. Never had despotism reigned so supreme and unchecked . . . Religion itself, which had been the pretext of the war, had well-nigh vanished . . . There was no theatre, and no art; for art did not survive the war. What remained of it was of the worst taste, more *bric-à-brac* than art . . . The whole literature of the time is a servile imitation of the Neo-Latin literatures . . . in material and intellectual, as well as in moral and social, respects, the German of the seventeenth century was thrown back into utter barbarism by the Thirty Years' War."[1]

That the causes for this general destruction lay in the disintegrating forces at play in the German character, is incontestable. France, England, Holland, Spain, had their civil and religious wars, their Fronde rebellions, their brutal, pillaging campaigns. But they never experienced anything like the utter evil and desolation of Germany.

It was the quality of Germany's badness that made the difference. The foregoing summary speaks of its results in general and sweeping terms; perhaps one more quotation on Germany's methods of warfare and of the character of her fighting-men will explain the why of these results. Professor F. Philippson, who wrote volumes seven to nine in the *Allgemeine Weltgeschichte* series of Theodore Flathe, says of this Thirty Years' War: "The soldiery raged everywhere, pillaging, burning,

[1] *German Thought* by Karl Hillebrand, 1880, pp. 40 to 49 *passim*, and p. 77.

torturing and assassinating at will; friends or enemies, it mattered little . . . All resistance was punished with death; children and young persons, even old people were not spared. And their favourite sport consisted in impaling infants on the point of their lances, and striking them dead against a wall, or burning them alive . . . These are not legends," adds this German professor, "hundreds of eyewitnesses have reported these statements. Smallpox and other contagious plagues were not long in making their appearance amongst the populations rendered anæmic by famine; these decimated what the sword had spared."[2]

No wonder that from 1336 to 1400 there were about thirty-two years of plague in Germany, from 1400 to 1500 at least forty-two years, and from 1500 to 1600 probably more than thirty years. The seventeenth century was nearly as bad.

There will probably be a tendency on the part of some readers of the foregoing pages, to discount the real significance of Germany's evil-doings on the ground that in barbarian days and in the Middle Ages, everything was crude, chaotic, brutal, inhuman—if you insist on looking at that side of life. Above all, other countries, such as England and France, were, during those centuries, just as brutal and inhuman as was Germany.

This point of view, fostered by Germans, results from reading the smoothed-over, popular histories, which are the only ones known to the average lay-reader. But it is not a true view. And the War has proved it. There has never been a break between the Germany of the Thirty Years' War, and the Germany of 1914. It was avowedly the Prussian military state, together with Protestantism, which "allowed Germany to raise herself out of the state of intellectual and moral misery in which the Thirty Years' War had left her."[3] The success of the iniquitous Seven Years' War (1756-1763) that "roused the national spirit to new life after centuries of slumber"[4] was fought in truly German style. Frederick the Great is not famed in history for either honour, piety, or kindliness; and such culture as he affected was borrowed avowedly from France. The eighteenth century shows no real advance over the

[2] Vol. iv, cap. 7, pp. 251-253 *passim*. *Europa um die Mitte des Siebzehnten Jahrhunderts*. One look at the pictures and portraits by Moscherosch von Wilstatt in this volume explains much. Cf. Dr. G. Droysen, *Das Zeitalter des Dreissigjährigen Krieges* in Wilhelm Oncken's *Allgemeine Geschichte*. Also Schafer, *Der Siebenjährige Krieg*. Those interested to pursue this field of study further will find source-material all too abundant, referred to in every standard history. The Austrian histories are not without interest, as being a statement by kindred spirits, yet somewhat detached. Cf. Dr. Vehse, *Geschichte des Oesterreichischen Hofes;* Rieger, *Materialien zür Böhmischen Statistick;* also Baron Hormayr, *Taschenbuch für die Vaterlandische Geschichte,* esp. p. 300 for German peasants eating cooked human flesh, and also his other volumes; Cox's *House of Austria,* a standard; and Alfred Michiels' *Secret History of the Austrian Government,* not always to be trusted. For an intimate revelation of Germans of that time nothing could be better than Cardinal Caraffa's *Germania sacra res Restaurata,* with more than eight hundred pages of documents, letters, decrees, etc. He was Apostolic nuncio during the reign of Ferdinand II—"the greatest murderer in Europe." Michelet's pictures of the Fronde rebellion in France cannot approach these ferocious times in Germany. Ranke, as usual, omits or minimizes as far as possible the "unpleasant" facts in his *Reformation.* For an English source-study, see Gardiner's *The Thirty Years' War.*

[3] Hillebrand, op. cit., p. 59.

[4] Op. cit., p. 75

seventeenth or the sixteenth; time, and imitation of others, had laid on a new coat of veneer, never thick enough even to hide effectively or completely the real character within. Flagrant immorality in Germany was rapidly reaching the literally unspeakable condition which openly existed before the War. The courts were all corrupt to an almost unbelievable extent. Karl Eugen von Würtemberg, 1744 to 1793—the contemporary of our own George Washington remember—wrote four volumes at twenty-one, "An exact account of all the virtues and all the vices."[5] His court, one amongst literally hundreds, was famed for its luxury, and was known as the "metropolis of the most exquisite freedom of sensual pleasure."[6] He had over two hundred mistresses, the names of many listed in the encyclopedias. Well might Richards say: "While single cases of corruption in high places had occurred before, we may repeat that from 1333, when Henry of Lower Bavaria accepted his bribe from the French king, to 1815, the history of the German princes is a continuous account of disgraceful, treacherous venality."[7]

Whatever may be said for the intellectual revival of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, embodied in Lessing, Herder, Goethe, Kant, and others, the seeds of evil still existed, else the Germany of 1914 *could not have been.* The best in Herder, in Goethe, in Schiller, in Kant, was veneer, was the coat of bright paint, real enough in itself, but which only whited the sepulchre within. And the worst element, the evil, in these men, was of the same corrupt stream which has always characterized the German. Did not Kant's categorical imperative pave the way for the self-expression of Treitschke, of Bernhardi, and of the Pan-Germanists? Did not Goethe and Schiller, following Herder's lead, "overthrow all conventionalism, all authority, even all law and rule, in order to put in their stead the absolute self-government of genius, freed from all tutorship,"—and were they not praised for it? And what did Goethe maintain in his maturity, if not that "to be completely free man must fly into the ideal sphere of Art, Science, or formless Religion"—in other words, into an artificial world of *self*-created unrealities?

Self-expression in Goethe was passably sane and moral; but in the German peasant there was (and is) more of hell to express than of heaven. While Goethe wrote and Kant philosophized and Schiller dreamed, Hessian and Bavarian troops around New York City and in New Jersey were expressing themselves, true to German form. Carlo Botta, an able Italian historian, speaks out clearly a disinterested opinion on the subject, which is chosen from among the many because by a disinterested author. *The New International Encyclopædia* says of him, "He brought new standards of accuracy and elegance into historical writing in his *History of the American War of Independence* (1809), which has remained a classic in the subject." Botta testifies of the

[5] Pub. in Stuttgart, the 21st September, 1740.

[6] "Metropole der raffinirtesten Freiheit des Sinnengenusses." Cf. *Allgemeine Deutsche Biographie*, vol. XV, pp. 376 ff. The quotation is on p. 383.

[7] Op. cit., p. 286.

Germans that "An universal cry was raised in America against the cruelties, the massacres, the rapes, and the ravages, perpetrated by their soldiers; and even supposing that their crimes were exaggerated, still it must be confessed that the greatest part of them are true. The Hessians, naturally ferocious, knew nothing of humanity or inhumanity, and seemed to know no other mode of warfare but that of carrying devastation into the midst of all the property, whether public or private, of their adversaries. . . . It was also stated, that this rapacious soldiery had so loaded themselves down with booty, as to accomplish badly their military service. . . . It was a terrible and cruel sight to see these fertile fields covered with ashes, and devastated of all their goods. Friends or enemies, Republicans or Royalists, all were victims alike of this fury. Wives and daughters suffered violence in the houses, and even before the eyes of their husbands and fathers. Many fled into the forests. But they could find no refuge even there from the bestial lust of these perverse barbarians, who pursued them with diligence. The houses were either burnt or demolished, the cattle were either driven off or killed; everything was destroyed. The Hessian General Heister made no efforts to check the enormities of his soldiers; the English General wished, but was powerless, to control them. . . . Their example became infectious with the British troops, and they were soon found to vie with the German troops in outrage, rapine, violations, arson, and plunder."[8] Hackensack was completely destroyed, and a royalist populace was turned pro-Washington by these enormities.

If the eighteenth century seems too long ago to affect the atrocities of 1914, there is the Copenhagen campaign of the Danish wars in 1807. Sir Herbert Maxwell writes in his *Life of Wellington,* "The Germans, however, made up for their slowness in action by atrocious cruelty in pursuit and their activity in plunder. Unarmed country people were mercilessly butchered; Captain Napier declared that 'every British soldier shuddered at the cruelty.' Writing to his mother he said—

'I can assure you that, from the General of the Germans down to the smallest drumboy in the legion, the earth never groaned with such a set of infamous murdering villains.' "[9]

The Franco-Prussian War of 1870 was exactly the same thing. The testimony of so able and well-known an eyewitness as Mr. Frederick Harrison should convince people who might refuse to credit the official French *Récits militaires* (e. g. vol. II, p. 56) of General Ambert, and writers, such as Desjardins, *Tableau de la guerre des Allemands* etc., 1873, or M. Paul Lacombe, *La guerre et L'homme.* Mr. Harrison says, "I was abroad during August, September, and October, 1870, and I saw much of the war from the German side, having twice crossed the whole area of Western Germany, near enough to have talked to the prisoners of

[8] *Storia Della Guerra Dell' Independenza Degli Stati Uniti D'America,* Tom. II, Lib. VII, pp. 505-6, and 507-8.

[9] Vol. I, pp. 87-88.

Sedan, and to have seen the bombardment of Strasbourg. . . . So far as robbery, burning homes, and terrorism of civilians could go, the practice of 1870 was really the same as that of 1914, though it was on a much smaller scale"[10] . . . In the *Fortnightly Review* for December 1870, and February 1871, he gives an actual, first-hand, contemporary description of German behaviour then, quotation from which we shall spare the reader, as it would be but repetition.

The Germans, as usual, are the best witnesses against themselves. Dr. Moritz Busch is typically German in being proud to narrate of Bismarck in 1870,—"He then told us that Favre had complained to him that we fired upon the sick and the blind in the Blind Institute. 'I do not know what you find hard in that,' said I. 'You do far worse; you shoot at our men who are in sound and vigorous health.' ' "What a Barbarian!" he no doubt thought to himself.' "[11] "The conversation turned on the attitude of the French peasantry, and Putbus said that a Bavarian officer had burned down the whole of a fine village and ordered the wine in the cellars to be run into the streets, because the peasants there had behaved treacherously. Somebody else remarked that the soldiers, somewhere or other, had frightfully beaten a curate, who had been apprehended for alleged treachery. The Minister again praised the energy of the Bavarians, but as to the second case, he added, 'We must either treat the country people with as much consideration as possible, or altogether deprive them of the power to harm us, one thing or the other.' "[12]

To sum up, the Germans simply are *not* the most cultured people in the world from earliest days until now. As Europeans go, they are, and always have been, the least cultured. German genius has, in the nature of things, taught her neighbours much, but chief of all her lessons has been, in the words of a French officer, the necessity for hating evil.

The Germans are not French, even though France gave Germany the best that she has in the way of veneer. The Germans are not Alsatian, because in his likeness to the French, the Alsatian is immeasurably above the German.

There is something of the beast, of the brute barbarian, in most men,—in the Frenchman, in the Englishman, in the Alsatian and Lorrainer. But the beast in the last is not a German beast. What German people would—could—have undergone the persecutions suffered by Alsace-Lorrainers during the past forty-eight years, and still have kept their spirit, their manhood, their loyalty to their own ideals of right and wrong? No German people have ever given a like exhibition. The loss of all sense of national unity, of national integrity, has been the hall-mark of German history, the specialty about them, which most often

[10] *The German Peril*, 1915, p. 30, chap. II.
[11] *Bismarck and the Franco-Prussian War*, Authorized translation, vol. II, p. 243.
[12] Vol. II, p. 21.

receives comment at the hands of foreign historians, and most often is excused or blandly denied by the German. Alsatians are a race of soldiers; they also love peace, and the hearth-fires of home. Because they are soldiers, says the German, therefore they must be German; and similarly because they are home-loving, they must be German. But when soldiers, have they fought as Germans fight? Is their history one long career of butchery, torture, infamy and villainy? It is not: and history demonstrates that time and again they resisted German invasion, and either sought their own independence, or joined and fought with the French. Was Marshal Ney a typical German general? Do we think of him in the same terms as of Frederick the Great, Von Moltke, or Hindenburg? We do not; nor do we think of the forty thousand Alsatians who deserted Germany to fight with France in this War as German soldiers, either in the manner of their fighting, or in the motives and principles which actuated their taking sides with the French. It is those qualities that for centuries have made the Alsatians turn to France which are the best proof that they are unlike the German.

Perhaps the ready comment of common sense in answer to such questions carries more weight than all the arguments of scientific research and psychological analysis. Nevertheless, though the total unlikeness of the Alsatian and the Lorrainer to the German, and particularly to the German "brute-beast," is an argument, and a powerful argument, against their being German heart and soul, as the Germans claim, yet it is at best a negative argument. The true and complete picture must take into consideration all that France has been to these two border provinces, and above all, what that magnificent and powerful sentiment is which has bound all the diverse peoples of France into one dynamic national consciousness, the sentiment which blazed forth in Alsace-Lorraine when French armies reappeared along the Rhine in 1918, that passionate, religious cry of love for *La Patrie*. A. G.

(*To be continued.*)

Worldliness is a more decisive test of a man's spiritual state than even sin, for sin may be sudden.—Frederick Robertson of Brighton.

MAP MAKERS

NOT long ago I lunched with a friend who had just finished an article on his great hobby, "Dutch Cartographers of the Sixteenth Century," which he gave me to read. My interest in the Dutch is of the slightest, and I did not know what a "cartographer" was until I began the article; hence I expected to be bored. I was not. The light of imagination touched the opening paragraphs and made a dull subject vivid and real. Under its influence one saw the battered ships of the explorers of the New World rounding the headland of their home port and dropping safe anchors at last after their long danger. One saw the eager welcome and the intense interest with which every move their captains had made was followed on the few maps available. One felt how each hearer must have longed to have been with them, to have shared in the thrill of the discovery and to have seen the wonders for himself. What were the hardships and dangers compared to such a prize. Perhaps then and there some Magellan resolved that he too would make the great adventure, and sought a crew from those who heard the call with him. Who could hold back from so glorious a chance, and how they must have studied the maps, until every line was indelibly impressed on their minds.

What glorious days to have lived in! Hardships, yes and dangers, but who could think of hardships or of what he left behind, when such a romance opened before him. It would be sluggish blood indeed that would not stir at the chance to sail with Magellan or Drake—nay, to be a Magellan or a Drake, to find a new continent, perhaps, and add it to the realm of one's king; for in those days men still loved and served their kings with whole-hearted loyalty.

I asked how they came to grasp the principles of longitude and latitude so soon after first learning that the world was not flat, and was told in reply that there had been maps, from the days of Ptolemy, showing the world as round. Ptolemy himself had even measured its size with remarkable accuracy. So the information had been there for ages, waiting for men to arouse themselves and use it. It required no new, piercing intellect to make the discovery. All that was needed was the strength of mind to break with the habit of thought of the age, to throw over dogmatic "authority," and to examine known facts with an open mind. And then the courage to act on one's conviction.

What a golden opportunity! I suppose it was not easy to brave the ridicule, the unknown dangers, to leave everything behind and set sail on an unknown sea, bound for what all the world said was a phantom goal. Yet who would not jump at the chance for such a glorious adventure? How small the dangers look, and how petty the hardships and sacrifices,

compared to the rewards. The worlds are all discovered now, even to the poles. The kings men served are dead, and the colour is faded from life. The clock struck. Time to go back to work and leave dreams of neglected maps, and worlds waiting to be discovered.

Neglected maps; worlds waiting to be discovered! "The spiritual world is at hand." And suddenly these age-old verses came back to my mind:

"The small old path that stretches far away has been found and followed by me. By it go the Seers who know the Eternal, rising up from this world to the heavenly world.

"It is adorned with white and blue, orange and gold and red. This is the path of the Eternal, the path of the saints, the sages, the seers in their radiance."

"When all desires that were hid in the heart are let go, the mortal becomes immortal, and reaches the Eternal."

Fifty centuries have passed since the Seer of the Upanishads recorded his discovery of the "Small old path that stretches far away," and, from that day to this, "Saints, Sages, Seers in their radiance," have found and followed it, and have left charts showing every rock and reef on the way to the spiritual world, the world of the Eternal. What was the world that Columbus discovered compared to that world, or his adventure compared to the adventure that lies open to each one of us, who will listen to the call of his own soul? The Royal Sages of Ancient India, the Gospels, the great Saints, the Theosophical writers of the present day, all in their own terms, bring the same great message. The soul is real, is the great reality of the universe. Sure knowledge of it and of its immortality exists, and is obtainable by those who seek. The spiritual world, and the great beings who dwell there, are realities, and that world may be entered and those great beings seen, face to face, by living men.

Back through all the ages, to the earliest dawn of time, stretches the long line of those who have made the great adventure, who have attained to knowledge of the marvellous powers of their own souls, and have left their record for those who care to seek the way they trod. Widely separated in time, in place, and nation, their evidence is the same, the very similes they use are often identical. The marvel is that so little attention is given to it. We hear the words, and we do not believe. Perhaps we think it beautiful allegory. More probably we do not think at all, but put the whole matter out of our minds and go about our daily grubbing. "Vineland" was discovered by the Vikings long before Columbus, and the discovery recorded in the Sagas. I wonder whether those few who knew the records thought them fiction or allegory, or, like ourselves, did not think at all.

One of the characteristics of lack of development is stupidity. A savage of the South Pacific when told of the marvels of modern machinery, of wireless telephones that enabled men to talk half way round the world, of aeroplanes and railroads and telescopes, would probably not

be much impressed unless he actually saw them with his physical eyes. He would almost certainly make no effort to go to see them for himself. It would be most difficult to find terms, sufficiently within his experience, to enable him to understand anything of what was being described, and the little he did understand he would probably either disbelieve or regard as a miracle having no relation to the natural laws he lived under. The human mind has truly travelled far, in the evolution of its powers, from savage to cultured scientist, and yet those who have attained say that the growth of the human mind is as nothing compared to the growth of the powers of the human soul, from man, as we know him, to man as he may make himself.

For we are not, as we so complacently assume, in the forefront of evolution. It is true, as Huxley suggested, that there are beings in the universe as far in advance of man as man is in advance of the black beetle. These beings are not hypothetical. They are real and have been seen and talked with, may now be seen and talked with, say the seers of all ages, by those who seek them with undivided devotion and purity of heart. To be found, they must be sought where they dwell, in the spiritual world. As a baby becomes conscious of the physical world around him by the development of his physical senses, as we enter the mental world by the development of our minds, so man enters the world of the spirit by spiritual development, by setting the powers of his soul free from their slavery to material and selfish ends.

The Seer of the Upanishads says that each night, during sleep, the souls of men are freed to return for a time to their own world, and that if this were not so, all men would go mad; yet that man brings back no memory of what he has seen there, for "the spirit of man is free and nought adheres to the spirit of man."

"As a great fish swims along one bank of the river, and then along the other bank, first the eastern bank and then the western, so the Spirit of man moves through both worlds, the waking world and the dream world.

"Then, as a falcon or an eagle, flying to and fro in the open sky and growing weary, folds his wings and sinks to rest, so of a truth the Spirit of man hastens to that world where, finding rest, he desires no desire and dreams no dream.

"And whatever he has dreamed, as that he was slain or oppressed, crushed by an elephant or fallen into an abyss, or whatever fear he beheld in the waking world, he knows now that it was from unwisdom. Like a god, like a king, he knows he is the All. This is his highest world.

"This is his highest joy. He has passed beyond all evil. This is his fearless form. . . . All beings live on the fragments of this bliss."

Was he only dreaming a beautiful dream, that Seer of so many thousand years ago, or did he know whereof he wrote, and has the world lost the knowledge it once possessed? Knowledge has been won and lost again more than once in the history of the world. Why should we assume

that we know all that has ever been known? It is "when all the desires that were hid in the heart are let go," that "the mortal becomes immortal and reaches the Eternal." Let those who can fulfil the condition answer that ancient Seer. Who today has the right to say that the pure in heart do not see God?

I wonder what those old Dutch cartographers thought of the marvels they heard described and which they tried to portray. Some of them must have lived all their lives on the flats of Holland, never seeing a hill bigger than a sand dune or a dike. What did they think when they heard of the Andes, of sheer walls of rock ten thousand feet high or of cataracts like Niagara? It is hard to believe things that are so far beyond one's own experience, and no doubt many of them lived out their lives on the shore of the sea that leads to the new world, shaking their heads with solemn incredulity; even as you and I, on the shore of another sea that leads to another world.

It is a marvellous world, that world of the soul and the consciousness of man,—as much richer than the world of the mind, as the world of the mind is richer than the physical world. A world of beauty and joy, of gladness and sunshine, of the peace of eternal snows, and summits of attainment, rising, peak after peak, higher and farther than the most daring traveller has ever reached. "For the soul of man is immortal and eternal, and its future is the future of a thing to whose growth and splendour there is no limit." That world is at hand, and it may be entered by becoming conscious of it. As one born blind enters the world around him by regaining the power of sight, normally his own and which he had in a former life, so the seers say that the soul of man enters his own world by the development of the soul's own latent powers. He becomes conscious of that which has been there all along, but to which he had been blind. At first he may, indeed, see "men as trees walking," and the world that is still blind, knowing that trees do not walk, is lead to easy ridicule and to denial of the very power of sight itself. So babes reach for the moon; but the power of sight remains.

The soul of man is in essence divine, is one with the Divine, and hence, say "the Seers in their radiance," there is no power of the Divine, no power in the universe, to which he may not attain, no power to which, ere the end of time, he will not attain. Said one who had attained: "There are all the powers of nature before you. Take what you can." As the destiny of man through the long ages of evolution yet to be, is to share Divine power, so, by little and little, will he share in the consciousness of the Divine. "And anything that is in consciousness anywhere may become known to the consciousness of man." As Emerson said, there is no wall between God and man. Back through all the past to the earliest dawn of history, we find the records, disbelieved and neglected but still preserved, of those who have developed the consciousness of the soul and its powers, who have found the world of the real and have talked, face to face, with the great beings who dwell there.

"Seek out the way" echoes through all the centuries. Think of the romance of it! To all who have had but a glimpse of it, it is the one thing in the world worth while. One touch of the joy of the spirit makes all other joys fade into the palest of reflections, as indeed they are. "When this path is beheld, then thirst and hunger are forgotten; day and night are undistinguished in this road. How shall I easily describe this? Thou thyself shall experience it."

To experience something of that bliss, on whose fragments all beings live, is within the power of us all. Fortunately we do not have to do it all at once. Columbus discovered the new world by discovering a little island in the West Indies. He knew naught of the Andes, the Great Lakes, the Mississippi, naught of the continent itself, but he had discovered the new world. So with us. We do not have to gain with St. Teresa that union with the Divine of which she writes, with all its illumination of the understanding and its pure delight and bliss, almost too great to bear. We do not have to gain with the seer of India that power of sight when:

"Uncontainable within the clasp of the eyelids, the sight expanding seeks to go outward; it is the same indeed as before but it is now capable of embracing the heavens.

"Then he beholds the things beyond the sea, he hears the language of paradise, he perceives what is passing in the mind of the ant."

So wrote the Seer in ancient India. So wrote St. Paul:

"And I knew a man (whether in the body or out of the body, I cannot tell: God knoweth) how that he was caught up into paradise and heard unspeakable words which it is not lawful for a man to utter."

And Columba five centuries later in Ireland:

"Some there are, though very few, to whom Divine Grace has granted this: that they can clearly and most distinctly see, at one and the same moment, as though under one ray of the sun, even the entire circuit of the whole world with its surroundings of ocean and sky, the inmost part of their mind being most marvellously enlarged."

Some day, perhaps, all mankind will gain that power of sight capable of embracing the heavens and of perceiving what is passing in the mind of the ant. Some day too, we will win the memory of our own past and recall the days when we sailed with the Vikings of the North, rode with the Crusaders to Jerusalem, died, sword in hand, with Roland at Roncevalles, or prayed in the old Egyptian temples on the Nile. "Many are my past births, and thine also, Arjuna; I know them all, but thou knowest them not." How the thought of it lights up history! Did I fight for Rome or Carthage? Where was I in the day of Egypt's glory? Did I perhaps charge with the Prince of Amor and his desert horsemen against the Hittites at Kadesh? What would I not give to remember that scene: to see great Rameses, his army surprised and in wild rout, turning alone in his chariot and single-handed charging back and forth through the Hittite host, until his horses were killed and he himself surrounded, yet victor in the end.

Memory of the past, the vision of the soul, the illumination of the understanding, these are gifts of the High Gods, to be given or withheld. It was not every voyager to America that saw the mountain peaks. But first hand experience of the Divine, and knowledge of the soul and of man's immortality, are within the reach of all who will seek them. Seek and ye shall find, has been true from the beginning of time. Like Columbus, we do not have to discover the whole continent. The discovery of the smallest island in that new world of the spirit will be glory and bliss enough.

It is to this discovery that Theosophy leads; for this that Theosophy exists: to proclaim the existence of that world, to point the way there, and to help those who would tread the path to it. The Seers and Saints who have found it, have left their records, each in his own language, and with the colouring of his own faith and his own time. It is by the Rosetta stone of Theosophy that we can perceive that they are describing the same experiences in different terms, and pointing to the same roads by different names. An artist and a geologist will describe the same mountain in very different ways, yet the mountain remains the same mountain. So it matters little whether we speak of union with the Eternal, with the Desireless Supreme, with the One Self of all Beings, with God, or with the Oversoul; whether we speak of the Path of Renunciation, of Acceptance, of Sacrifice, of Faith, of Wisdom, or of Holiness; whether we say that we attain by the development of the latent spiritual powers of man's own soul, or that we attain by the grace of God. Each is necessary for the other. There is one goal and one path, with many aspects. Before the foundation of The Theosophical Society men expected to find only error in faiths other than their own. They did not seek in other religions the truths that theirs needed to supplement its gaps. The discoverer who would set sail for the new world could use only the charts made by those of his own country. Now he has the experience of the whole world to guide him, if he will but use it.

So little faith is needed, for each step brings more. It is as if a fourteenth century mariner, with a taste for adventure and antiquarian lore, had discovered in the ruins of Troy, the record of some old Phoenician galley that had ventured forth past the Straits of Gibraltar, cruised north beyond the Bay of Biscay to England, thence to Iceland, to Greenland, and so to the great new world. He would read it with wonder, with interest, and no doubt with incredulity. If then, passing on to the ruins of Carthage, he were to find the log of a Carthaginian trader who had made the same cruise, and described the same lands under different names, there would be more of interest and less of incredulity. If, finally, he resolved to make the great adventure himself, and see whether those ancient voyagers had told the truth, his faith would grow more sure with each point at which he found corroboration, until at last he would set sail from Iceland with the sure hope of finding the new world.

Some faith is needed, or the mariner would not have set out to

make the test for himself. If the man born blind believes neither in the beauty of the world, nor in the possibility of being cured of his blindness, he will not stir, though all that be asked of him is to go and wash, that he may be clean and see.

"The great Beyond gleams not for the child, led away by the delusion of possession. 'This is the world, there is no other', he thinks, and so falls again and again.

"The unknowing, who has no faith, who is full of doubt, falls; neither this world, nor the world beyond, nor happiness are for him who is full of doubt."

The only way to find out is to try. There is nothing gained in the world of men or the world of the spirit without paying the price, and it usually has to be paid in advance. The merchant who sought the pearl of great price had to sell all that he had to buy it. When Columbus sought the new world he had to leave all behind him, and sail many weary weeks on a desolate, empty sea. I wonder if in his day, too, there were those who heard the call, deep in their hearts, and longed to follow it, but who could not bring themselves to leave the solid land they knew, or to face the easy ridicule of those who said there was nothing in the great Beyond but the grey expanse of sea they saw before them. Perhaps they went to the farthest point of shore, or made timid voyages as far as one may go and be sure of return, straining eyes toward the horizon in the vain hope that they might catch a glimpse of that wonderful new world, then turning toward their homes to be sure that they had not gone too far. The kingdom of heaven is taken by violence, not by caution.

There have been times when men leaped to answer the call to high adventure. When Bernard of Clairvaux preached the crusade, the thousands who heard him cried with one voice: "Crosses, crosses, give us crosses," and thronged around him to be given the little red cross that was the sign of their willingness to fare forth and leave all. The war has shown that this spirit is not dead in the world, and that nations can still answer to the call of honour, the call of their own souls. Hundreds of thousands of men have proved that the faintest glimpse of the heavenly vision, the dimmest realization of the grandeur of the cause for which they fought, was all that they needed to make them lay down their lives with a smile. Cannot we, who have the vision, claim a kindred spirit?

"Souls honoured by the world as its heroes, just and perfect spirits of the past, look down and envy us our opportunity."

J. F. B. Mitchell.

LODGE DIALOGUES

II

LITTLE SAMJI was sitting under one of the big trees in the garden. The day was very warm, and little Samji was fat, besides which he had been working hard tying up the creepers which seemed to grow by magic in the starlit nights.

There were times, especially in the hot days, when the world looked very black to him, and the blackest thing in all the black world then, were his sins. He was wonderfully gentle and good, and, to some of us, this strangely disproportionate sense of his iniquity was the only sin we had ever found in him. Once, one of the Brothers, replying to his director, had uttered this paradox: "Samji may not be able to go far, having so little to overcome, but such simplicity of nature cannot possibly have far to go to reach the kingdom of heaven."

When I saw him under the big tree, I knew that the blackness was upon him, though he scrambled cheerfully to his feet and made his salaam most respectfully, for his manners never failed. We seated ourselves together, and as he waited for me to speak, I pointed to the distant line of the mountains above the quivering noon-day heat. "The world is very beautiful, Samji." I said it solemnly. He looked at me with his full dark eyes. "Mechu Chan, when the heart is black the world is black also." "And yet the divine benediction rests upon it, and blooms in the flowers, and sings in the birds, and is immovable in the mountains, who send the purity of their snows to cool the waters; and it filters through, even into the darkness of our hearts, and sunshine comes by the ways it has made." Samji did not lift his head. I suspected welling tears. "When the evening has come," I went on, "and the coolness breathes through the garden, before the stars come out to laugh at you, open your heart and give it welcome. Then it will flood over and over your heart, and the blackness will go and the sins will go;—for the divine benediction cannot rest where these are dwelling. But your heart it loves and seeks, as the bee seeks the heart of the flower. You cannot drive them away, Samji; it alone has the power. Only, you must open,—open the doors and the windows. Why sit at home locked up with such very bad company?" "When the Master looks at the heart, he must find it clean utterly," said Samji. "True; but I am telling you how to cleanse it. If you sit there alone in the

dark, you may polish and polish; you never will clean it,—nor ever get rid of your company."

When I rose to go, he salaamed again and thanked me for my "instruction," and when I returned a little later, the poor, tired child was asleep. Haru was standing near, a finger on his lips, warning silence. "When he wakes and finds he has not returned to work," I whispered, "that will be another 'sin.'" "That is why I am waiting," said that stern disciplinarian, who knows so well when and how to be gentle.

At sunset I found little Samji standing, his arms outstretched, breathing deep, where the garden begins to slope down and the breeze draws up from the valley. His fat little person expressed such prayer, such devotion. When he overtook me on the path back, he said, "O Mechu Chan, the stars shall not laugh at me to-night."

M.

Make yourselves nests of pleasant thoughts. None of us yet know, for none of us have been taught in early youth, what fairy palaces we may build of beautiful thought—proof against all adversity. Bright fancies, satisfied memories, noble histories, faithful sayings, treasure-houses of precious and restful thoughts, which care cannot disturb, nor pain make gloomy, nor poverty take away from us,—houses built without hands, for our souls to live in.—JOHN RUSKIN.

ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

THE Historian had been reading the morning paper. We had told him, solemnly, that awful things would happen if he did, and that headlines, at present, are as much as any balanced constitution should be called upon to stand. He had waived us aside. So we had sat and watched the landscape, and had sharpened pencils, meditatively, waiting for him to explode. As he read, he groaned, and then he grunted (though he will deny this), and then, very deliberately, he folded his paper and consigned it into the waste-basket. After that, looking at us sternly, as if we were responsible for newspapers and all that they record, the Historian spoke and we wrote.

"The burglar and assassin," he said, "caught red-handed, and turned over to a judge for trial and sentence, who is thereupon permitted to discuss with his judge, by formal exchange of notes, just what punishment he will accept, and to present claims against the police who captured him, for damage done to his property and person while he resisted capture,—is suggestive of Gilbert and Sullivan, or, as some one said during the T. S. Convention, of the weird dreams of a man coming out of ether. Yet that is the actual situation at Versailles, as Germany 'talks back' at the Allies, and as the Allies gravely assume that their prisoner's signature on his sentence will oblige him to abide by its terms."

There had been a note of challenge in his voice, but no one chose to accept it. Instead, the Student picked up the same thread.

"I wonder what the outcome would have been if Clemenceau had not held things down to earth, so far as it lay in his power to do so! They get their planes so hopelessly mixed,—these gentlemen who see an American University as the archetype of civilized existence. They dream. In fact I doubt if there is anything quite so psychic, quite so astral, this side the dark side of the moon, as their published mental processes,—except (always excepting) the representatives of Point Loma."

"What is their latest?" asked the Engineer, who had been away on business.

"Nothing much," replied the Student. "They arrived in New York, and hired a public hall, and talked about the war and about Germany, and announced to all who would listen that 'we should close the door of the past,' and that the time had come to clasp hands with the enemy."

"Nothing new about that," commented the Engineer, creaking disgust as he spoke. "I thought they were always doing that. Anyway, there are thousands of others who are, not only in America, but in England, and even in France, among the Socialists. So, as a revelation, it lacked originality. An echo, I would call it."

"That is what I was saying," laughed the Student. "But I doubt if

they do any harm. Even their use of the word Theosophy contains its own antidote,—for those who really seek Theosophy."

"But about the so-called peace," said the Historian, tired of the digression, and with his mind full of Versailles and the morning paper,—"when it comes to action for or against the terms which the people over there are undoubtedly going to agree to, it seems to me that we shall be forced to choose between evils. The ideal is not on the map. And the outcome will not be as bad as it might have been, thanks to some level heads among the dreamers. You either vote for the thing, or you vote against it, and if you vote against it, you vote for the friends of Germany and the frenzied enemies of England, not to mention the Bolsheviki."

"We of course do not yet know what the terms of peace are to be," the Philosopher remarked at this point. "But I do not agree in the least with your premises. There is no such thing as an obligatory choice between evils. Assuming that you are confronted by two paths, and that you can neither stand still nor turn back (though in most cases you can stand still if you want to), it follows that one of the two paths is right, relatively to the other, which in that case, relatively, is the wrong path. I have no desire to quarrel with you about terms, but I believe sincerely that a great deal of harm is done by speaking of choice as you did."

"I agree with you," replied the Historian. "I was wrong. But I would like to know if you agreed with my opening statement about the burglar, because I cannot see that terms have anything to do with that. The situation strikes me as elementary in its simplicity."

"I am in complete accord with you," the Philosopher answered. "Germany, so far as her government is concerned, stands before the world as an unrepentant criminal, caught red-handed, as you said. Everything which her representatives have done at the so-called Peace Conference, has proved that the warnings which the QUARTERLY has published, not only since the armistice but for long before it, were absolutely sound and true. Germany has not repented in the least. If she had the power, she would repeat every one of her crimes to-morrow,—that is, if she thought she could escape punishment for them.

"Individual Germans may have repented, for themselves, or for their nation, or for both. But if they have, it is for them to say so, and not to take it for granted that others will know and understand. That is not the attitude of a penitent. A real penitent is not only anxious to make amends, and literally to go on his knees to those he has injured, but is anxious also to confess his sins, that his own heart may be relieved to that extent of its burden."

"All of you agreed, months ago," interrupted the Gael, who had joined us on the verandah while the Philosopher had been answering the Historian, "that the armistice had reduced the war from a conflict of principle to a conflict of expediencies, and that we have another hundred years or so of work to do, hammering the meaning of principle into

tough heads, before enough people will understand to make a conclusive war possible. The Student went so far as to promise to meet me on the ruins of Berlin in 1985,—or some other date, I forget what. He denies it! Never mind: his denial will not affect the outcome . . . The point is, I propose we begin, and that we begin on ourselves. I have here two letters, addressed to a religious community, dealing with the principle and practice of obedience. They were written, I am told, last year, with an interval of some months between them. If there is any fighting to be done 'next time,' now is the hour to prepare for it. The right kind of discipline, which means the opposite of German discipline, will be essential to success . . . Suppose I read these letters to you?"

We asked him to do so.

"My friends," he said, his tone changing, "many years ago, in London, when H. P. B. was there, some fools at Avenue Road were anxious to leave her and go to India and beyond it, to the Lodge. She told them that they could make their own India, right there, where they were. At least,—thus have I heard. Why should not we place ourselves, right now, in the Lodge, and study and think as in the presence of the disciples who are there? This is the first letter:

" 'I know that you will be considering the problem of obedience, and that you must already have had some experience of the difficulties involved. I should like to be able to help you solve those problems, though that can only be done effectively by yourselves, as the result of many failures and of constructive self-examination. There are, however, one or two elementary rules which ought to be kept in mind and which I shall be grateful if you will let me bring to your attention.

" 'First and foremost, obedience should never be rendered to an individual as such. If you, by your own attitude, choose to confer authority upon some individual, it should be done because he represents something very much greater than he or any other individual is or can be in themselves. This is something which a great many people to-day find it difficult to understand. They are not brought up to respect an office in and for itself. If they happen to despise the individual who fills the office of President of the nation, they do not find it easy to distinguish between him and the position which their own self-respect requires them to honour. In the army, it is the uniform that is respected, quite regardless of the man inside of it. The soldier salutes his superior officer, without any thought of his superior's personal identity; and he does this because his superior officer represents, not only the flag, but the dignity of national service. In order to be in the true sense of the word a soldier, he *owes it to himself* to obey and to respect his superior.

" 'This bases obedience on self-respect, which is a good foundation, and an essential part of any adequate foundation for obedience. At the same time, for discipleship, it is insufficient. The attitude of a true Religious is that his superior represents the Master. If he happens to

like that superior personally, and finds personal pleasure in carrying out his orders, he regards this as a disadvantage, supposing that he is really striving for perfection. What would help him most would be the conquest of self involved in a ceaseless struggle to remember that, in spite of personal unattractiveness, his superior should be obeyed because his office makes him the representative of the Master whose will, through that office, can so easily be known and followed. Even when his superior makes mistakes, or seems to do so, the novice knows that prompt and glad and ungrudging obedience will be accepted by the Master with perhaps greater pleasure than in cases which make it evident, even to the subordinate, that the orders of the superior are wise.

" 'This does not mean that conscience should ever be violated, or that in any circumstances whatsoever a subordinate should do something which he believes wrong, no matter what orders he has received. Remember that German soldiers cannot be excused for the atrocities they committed, by pleading that they were merely carrying out orders. English, French or American soldiers would have refused to obey such orders, and would have been exonerated if court-martialed for disobedience.

" 'This illustration should make the principle clear, so far as the supremacy of conscience is concerned. The other point remains, namely, that it is absolutely fatal in the spiritual life to regard the person as the reality. You would do well to keep in mind that the word "person" is derived from the Latin word meaning a mask. Every order or every expression of a wish should be accepted, if at all, as that of the Master. To obey anyone less than the Master, would be a grave mistake and would in time stultify the nature.

" 'If you will imagine the attitude of a devout Catholic who believes in transubstantiation, and who may realize perfectly that the officiating priest is entirely mortal, with human weaknesses like the rest of us, you will, I think, find an analogy which, taken in connection with the military analogy, should throw light on the whole problem.

" 'At the same time, if you care to consider and perhaps to discuss what I have written, I shall be very glad to do my best to explain further my own understanding of this immensely important question.'

"This is the second letter:

" 'This is really a much later instalment on the subject of obedience, but I submit it to you now because it does not follow that intervening "chapters" will ever be written, and because it is wise to keep before us our vision of mountain tops as well as our clear perception of the next step leading to them.

" 'What I take to be your next step collectively, I tried to explain in my last letter. It was a step in *understanding*. My present letter has the same intention, because no one can give himself completely to

obedience or to anything else until he has gained a good understanding of the purpose his efforts should accomplish.

" 'In addition to the many other purposes of obedience, including the all-important help it provides in the conquest of self-will,—must be counted practice in *the art of divination.*

" 'It is the aim of the disciple to express the Master's will in all that he does,—in his silence as in his speech, in his mind and heart as in his outer movements. But he does not expect a special revelation of that will, whenever he desires it or in regard to each duty as he encounters it. He does not expect detailed instructions, even when given an order to work for certain specified ends. As between Master and disciple, it is a bad and not a good sign when much guidance and many orders need to be given.

" 'The disciple has learned *to divine* the Master's will. Intuitively, by sympathy and by thorough grasp of the principles upon which the Master's conduct is based, the disciple acts as the Master wishes him to act, with greater or less success depending upon the degree of his inner attainment.

" 'The daily life of mankind is a graduated infant class in discipleship. The ordinary relations of employer and employee provide constant opportunity, springing from urgent need for divination. Self-interest compels effort. The employee, to be successful, to make himself "indispensable," must learn to divine the wishes of his employer. On the one hand, he must not nag him for instructions. On the other hand, he must not assume a responsibility and an authority which are not his, and the assumption of which would lay him open to the question, "Why on earth did you not ask me?" He must become self-reliant without being self-assertive. He must not push himself forward, but also he must not be negative and self-deprecatory. Timidity, supineness, over-conscientiousness (scrupulosity) are hindrances even more serious, perhaps, than arrogant self-confidence, effrontery, and an obviously reckless ambition.

" 'The discipline which is forced upon the employee, who in most cases is unconscious that he is being taught and who learns very, very slowly, is inculcated as an essential feature of military training. This was brought out admirably in a recent QUARTERLY review of Marshal Foch's *Principles of War.* But it is only on the path of discipleship that the ultimate purpose of such discipline is made clear. In religion—as stated in my previous letter—the aspirant consciously seeks the will of the Master through the will of his immediate Superior. He has begun to realize that his involuntary self-seeking, and, in general, the veil which his personality and lower nature interpose between himself and the Master, make it almost impossible for him to recognize the Master's will where his own desires are involved. Unable, therefore, in the very nature of things, to jump to direct obedience to the Master, except in directions which are free from the attachments of self,—the

aspirant voluntarily submits his own will and judgment to an authority which he accepts as indicative of the Master's, later, as his understanding increases, adopting this indication or sign-post as an expression in itself of what the Master desires him to accept as His direct message.

" 'As he advances, passing, we will suppose, from the exoteric to an association truly spiritual, the aspirant finds the need for divination more and more urgent. He has learned long since, we must assume, to obey the letter of the law. He has learned to obey gladly and promptly instead of grudgingly or resentfully. He has learned to make it easy for his Superior to give him orders, instead of making it a most unpleasant, thankless task which his Superior, in obedience to *his* Superior, must perform. But then, just because he has advanced and has come into touch at last with spiritual realities, he finds himself confronted with a world of paradox. He must learn that to obey truly he may have to disobey. He must learn that silence may be more expressive than speech and may convey commands far more imperative. He must learn to obey in the solitude of his own room as readily as in the presence of his associates. He must learn that though his Superior be on the other side of the globe, he can and must discover the Master's will through uninterrupted obedience to that Superior. All that the employee and soldier have learned, he must know by instinct. Divination, for him, has become the art of arts because he sees it as perpetual discovery of the Master, and because, as final paradox, the further he advances toward obedience, the further obedience will recede from him. That which he has known as rule or as explicit statement, he must now recognize as elusive spirit and must translate for himself into concrete act, making manifest in the outer world the divine order of the Master's Kingdom.' "

T.

No man doth safely rule, but he that is glad to be ruled. No man doth safely rule, but he that hath gladly learned to obey.—THOMAS A KEMPIS.

LETTERS TO STUDENTS

November 6th, 1916

DEAR .....

. . . It will be a great satisfaction and happiness to me to do what I can to help you, and I hope that you will feel perfectly free to ask anything you choose, either verbally or by letter, about your Theosophic studies and your inner life in connection therewith.

I must tell you frankly that my ability to help you will be in large measure dependent upon the freedom and frankness of our relationship. That is in your hands absolutely. You can consult me as much or as little as you choose, tell me as much or as little as you feel inclined. You are as free as air, and under no obligation so far as I am concerned. I simply am here to give you such assistance as I can when you desire it. . . .

I am at your service and you have my sincerest good wishes.

Yours faithfully,

C. A. GRISCOM.

November 23rd, 1916

DEAR .....

I much appreciate your letter and the kind things you have said.

Your Rules are admirable. If I wanted to comment on them, I should say that some of them leaned to the side of being too general: for instance, "Appreciate proportion, seeing things in their true value, their relations and inter-relations." There is no doubt that we must learn to see things in their proper perspective; but how? If you consider that the seeing of the events of life in proper perspective is something you particularly need, as very well may be the case, I suggest that you go a step further than making this ideal a rule. How can one see things at their true value?

The Master alone sees everything as it is. All we can hope to do is to learn gradually to relate everything to Him, take everything to Him, refer everything to Him, measure everything by Him, estimate everything through Him, enjoy everything with Him, do everything for Him. So far as we succeed, so far will all events, circumstances and people find naturally their true place in the scheme of things, and we shall see their true value. I know of no other way.

Again you write: "Make use of the good forces surrounding you." Surely. But what are these forces? Name them. Then select one or two, and think out how best to use those. Try to perfect yourself in that for a few weeks, and when you feel that you are doing fairly well, select another force or two and try those.

In other words, holiness consists in doing little things perfectly, not in doing perfect things a little; or, to put it differently, saintliness consists in perfection of *detail*. We must get down to the minutiae of life and work at them. It does not seem very romantic,—until we try it!

I hope you will not consider this criticism; it is not so meant. Please let me know whether you agree with me and whether you find this type of suggestion helpful. I must learn to be helpful, you see, and you must help me learn.

With best wishes, I am, Sincerely,

C. A. Griscom.

April 11th, 1917

Dear .....

Downtown the employee I value most highly is that one who comes to me with the fewest troubles, for it means that he is competent and is doing his job. It is even more true in occultism. We get attention where we are doing badly, and need to be set straight. This reflection, which is obvious enough, arose from a re-reading of your letter of March 15th. I do not find anything to say to you, not because your letter was inadequate, but because it was so satisfactory.

Your own ideas are excellent, and what I would suggest is your faithful adherence to them and to your rules. Perhaps a word about results will not be amiss. It is a problem I have to meet constantly in my work downtown. My work there is to get results—to accomplish things—to make dollars grow where they did not grow before. How reconcile that very plain duty with the philosophical axiom that we must not seek for results? I think the attitude is beautifully described by Martineau who said, "The hardness of our task lies here: that we have to strive against the grievous things of life, while hope remains, as if they were evil; and then, when the stroke has fallen, to accept them from the hand of God, and doubt not they are good." He goes on to say that to the loving, trusting heart, this instant change from strained will to complete surrender, is realized without convulsion. You see that goes a step deeper into the mysteries of life than the bald statement that we must not seek for results, or that we should leave results to Him. But let us strive with all our power to gather a beautiful nosegay of flowers to give Him, and if we can find only withered leaves and faded blossoms, let us give it with cheerful hearts, conscious that we have done our best. He is made happy by the love which prompted the gift rather than by the scent and sight of the flowers.

With kind regards,

I am, Sincerely,

C. A. Griscom.

April 7th, 1918

DEAR .....

First let me thank you for the Easter card, which I had hoped to have a chance to speak of. It was very pretty and I am very grateful. You are one of the very few who send me a card "all for me alone."

Needless to say I am glad you are back. The hard time you have had will not hurt. Indeed, as we look back over our life we see more and more clearly as we grow old, that it was during the hard times that we made progress. We are so set in our ways and habits; so "confirmed in wickedness," that it takes more than our ordinary environment to shake us out of what is often really a spiritual lethargy. So long as life treats us fairly well, we are apt to be content with a mediocre performance. . . .

With best wishes, I am,

Sincerely yours,

C. A. GRISCOM.

September 8th, 1918

DEAR .....

By all means write to me whenever you have any question or problem which you think I might be able to answer or help. It will be a great pleasure to me to be of any possible service.

I was glad to receive your letter and your account of your recent progress. It asks no questions, and I have nothing in mind to suggest to you. We must digest our knowledge, by living it. Nothing else counts. And we shall get more knowledge as we do digest that already ours.

Do not allow yourself to get into a rut. There are thousands of religious who stay very good and acceptable religious, but who never become saints. We must all become saints, so we must never be content with ourselves, or with things as they are; inner things, of course.

With best wishes, I am,

Faithfully yours,

C. A. GRISCOM.

November 10th, 1918

DEAR .....

There are so many questions in your letter that I am returning it so as to avoid having to repeat all the questions, which I have numbered.

* * * * * * * * * *

6. I suggest that you get and read Father Faber's "Growth in Holiness," also "The Ascent of Mount Carmel," by St. John of the Cross, and St. Teresa's "Autobiography." You can probably get all three books from the ——— library at ———, and later on, buy, so as to own, those you specially like.

7. What you say is quite true, but there is much more in that statement "The mind is the great slayer of the Real." Think a moment. We believe in a spiritual world: we believe that it is possible to communicate with that world, to live in and be of it, although in incarnation in this world. What is it that acts as a barrier and that makes such conscious communication so rare? With most people it is just plain sensuality and coarseness, but above this category, take the large number of really good people, occupants of convents and monasteries, clergymen, etc. Surely you see that it is their minds, their pre-conceptions, their self-imposed limitations, which, in large measure, act as the barrier.

It will probably be so with you. You actually will be able to "see and hear" long before you will believe you can; and until you believe you can, you won't. That is the mind. The mind is essentially evil, so long as it is dominated by lower nature, just as it is essentially good when used as an instrument by the soul. At present it uses us —we do not use it—much.

You cannot write to me too often so long as you have real questions to ask: as you had in this last letter.

With best wishes, I am,

Sincerely,

C. A. Griscom.

And how does a brother become thoughtful?

He acts, O mendicants, in full presence of mind whatever he may do, in going out and coming in, in looking and watching, in bending in his arm or stretching it forth, in wearing his robes or carrying his bowl, in eating and drinking, in consuming or tasting, in walking or standing or sitting, in sleeping or waking, in talking or in being silent.—Buddhist Suttas.

REVIEWS

Life, Science, and Art, translated from the French of Ernest Hello, by E. M. Walker, and published by Washbourne (Benziger Brothers, New York), cloth 50c., leather $1.00, is a book that every student of Theosophy would enjoy. It is brilliant. It is profound. Hello was a Roman Catholic, but he was also a Frenchman, and this is likely to mean, as it meant in his case, that his Catholicism was universal and that he considered Rome, if at all, as incidental.

"I have tried to show how Life, Science, and Art are three mirrors, each of which reflects the same face,"—namely, the face of God, is the way in which Hello describes his life's effort. This little book is made up of chapters from his larger works, all of which were written before the war. The following quotation from the chapter entitled "Some Considerations on Charity" will show that he anticipated at least one of the vital misunderstandings of religion which are prevalent today. He says:

"Now, we use the word *charity* as a weapon against Light, every time when instead of crushing error we parley with it, under pretext of consideration for the feelings of others. We employ the word *charity* as a weapon against Light, every time we make it serve as an excuse for relaxing our execration of evil. As a general rule, men love to relax their efforts. There is something in the very act of faltering which is pleasing to human nature; and besides, the absence of any horror of error, evil, sin, and the devil, becomes a plausible excuse for the evil there is in us. To feel less detestation of evil in general is only perhaps a way of excusing ourselves for the particular evil we cherish in our own soul."

Writing on the subject of "Indifference", he says:

". . . what plunges me in a stupefaction absolutely beyond expression is neutrality. It is a question of the future of the human race, and of the eternal future of everything in the universe possessing intelligence and freedom. It is certainly and of necessity a question of you yourself, as, indeed, of every person and every thing. Then, unless you are not interested in yourself, nor in anybody nor anything, it is certainly and of necessity a question of an interest most sacred to you. If you are alive at all, rouse up the life in you. Take your soul, and rush into the thick of the fight. Take your wishes, your thoughts, your prayers, your love. Catch up any weapon which you can possibly wield, and throw yourself body and soul into the struggle where everything is at stake. Placed on the battlefield between the fire of those who love and the fire of those who hate, you must lend your aid to one or the other. Make no mistake about it. The appeal is not to men in general, it is to you in particular; for all the moral, mental, physical, and material gifts at your disposal are so many weapons which God has placed in your hands, with liberty to use them for or against Him. You *must* fight; you are forced to fight. You can only choose on which side." T.

The Mystery of Gabriel, by Michael Wood, published by Messrs. Longmans, Green and Co. The QUARTERLY has reviewed the three preceding volumes of this charming authoress—for we still insist that a woman, and a woman alone, could write these books. The last is not so well written as either *The House of Peace*

or *The Penitent of Brent.* It is a series of pictures in the life of a waif picked up and mothered by an impersonal, selfless, vaguely religious girl, whose own parents die in the first two chapters. The mystery is Gabriel's enigmatic character, the result of his own self-contained and repressed nature working on the inevitable suspicions of outsiders as to his heredity. As he matures, an evil force or diabolic influence makes itself more and more manifest in him, poisoning his relations with schoolmates, friends, and companions.

Finally Gabriel goes to Brent—the religious centre directed by Father Standish. At Brent, Gabriel meets our old acquaintances of the former volumes—and the re-acquaintance is a pleasure unspoiled by changes. One of these, Jesse Cameron, inspires Gabriel's trust and confidence, and when the final struggle between the latent devils of his lower nature, and his real Self takes place, it is the influence of Jesse—supplemented by the intercessory prayer of an entire stranger—that prevents his murdering Father Standish while sleeping.

The plot is negligible; and even the thread of the story is broken by leaps in time that follow one another with startling rapidity. The actual construction of the book is barely passable,—it lacks workmanship.

Yet, withal, there is the same simple reliance on the spiritual world as the mainspring of action in this world,—which is always refreshing. How many novels even attempt to take their stand in the real world? It is this point of view which marks Michael Wood's books; and however extravagant the story, there is a compensating air of reality about them which is hard to shake off. Father Standish, as usual, gives some eminently sound spiritual advice, and the book incidentally contains many quotable maxims of spiritual common sense.

There are only occasional bits of lyrical writing; too few, judging by what the authoress has done in earlier volumes. We should like to see Michael Wood turn her gifts to some war experiences, viewed, as said, from the inner causal world of prayer and Divine companionship. A. G.

Letters to Louise, by Jean Delaire, published by The Dharma Press. The trouble with most books aiming to treat of occultism in the form of fiction is that they spoil two recognized genres and fail to create a third. It is the trouble with this book. It embodies a fair enough résumé of occult religious philosophy, such as may easily be found in pamphlet form by students of Theosophy, and would much better be taken in that form, rather than mixed up with a wild welter of hysteria, megalomania and experimental love affairs. In the January number of the QUARTERLY Mr. Griscom spoke of Du Maurier's "Peter Ibbetson" as one of the most interesting of the occult novels; and as usual he was right. "Peter Ibbetson" has what most of them lack, what this one lacks,—distinction, charm, humor, and above all, the narrator's gift, a thing so desirable in those who will to narrate. It is furthermore a real love story, with occult implications, instead of a treatise with Family Herald trimmings.

By a law of compensation it is generally possible to extract some delight from an absolutely humorless book. The writer of this review would hesitate to declare that things can or cannot be, but some of them are certainly hard to believe, and one is the mysterious speed and certainty with which people in occult novels make their occult recognitions. With no previous training in these mysteries, someone (usually the heroine), with instant and unerring precision, recognizes someone (usually the most important person in sight) as inalienably her own by right of some claim established thousands of years ago in Babylon, or Memphis, or Ninevah, or wherever. If this personage stands to the lady in any position of guide or teacher, if she can call him her "Guru" (she will anyhow), his fate is sealed. Taking for her motto,

> "If I can wheedle a knife or a needle,
> Why not a silver churn?"

she drops her lawful husband and, turning to the hero with "I think we have met before," springs the Babylonian theory on him. Let us hasten to add that this particular book ends decorously. The hero in this case had learned a few things in Babylon,—among them that the duty of another is full of danger. The lady returns to domesticity and that solace of the strayed theosophist—a tepid socialism. S.

The Gate of Remembrance, by F. B. Bond, an architect of prominence; published by Blackwell in Oxford, and by Messrs. Longmans, Green and Co. The subtitle reads "The story of the psychological experiment which resulted in the discovery of the Edgar Chapel at Glastonbury"—which sufficiently outlines the book. It is a record of excavations made among the ruins of Glastonbury Abbey on the precise information received through the automatic writings of the co-worker of Mr. Bond, Mr. John Alleyne. Both men were friends of Mr. Everard Fielding, Secretary of the Society for Psychical Research, of which Mr. Bond was also a member. Mr. Alleyne sought through his automatism to obtain information from the spirit world about the "lost" Edgar Chapel, vague and conflicting records of which existed in various sixteenth to nineteenth century accounts. The reliability and validity of the writings as reproduced in the book, together with the dates when received, are attested to the satisfaction of the Secretary of the S. P. R., while a note by Sir William Barrett, F. R. S., further testifies "to the genuineness of the whole narrative."

The book, therefore, has two decided interests,—the first, as an experiment in spiritualistic mediumship through automatic writing; and the second, as to the actual increase of our knowledge about Glastonbury Abbey. For the latter, suffice it to say that the actual remains of the Edgar Chapel have been recovered, with evidence sufficient to prove its size, shape, and fairly complete architectural details of interior construction. A certain light has also been thrown on the "obscure problem of the Loretto Chapel," foundations for some such structure being found in an entirely different place than that usually assigned to it. In each case, the psychic information obtained as to the exact location, size, and structure of the Chapels was at variance with the best guesses of architects attempting to reconstruct the old buildings from the scanty descriptions handed down, and from the still more scanty visible remains. The material assistance of Mr. Alleyne's automatism, therefore, cannot be gainsaid. The Edgar Chapel has been laid bare, and its proportions and architectural detail, as far as may be known, even to the colour of the glass—"Et vitrea azurea,"—and window-glass of azure,—many fragments of which were found. A difficult, and hitherto unsolved archeological problem has been solved by this means; without question primarily due to the precise directions received through automatic writing.

The success of Mr. Bond and Mr. Alleyne seems, therefore, to be established. As to the actual light thrown on psychical phenomena and the *raison d'être* of automatic writing, and as to whether there is any likelihood of further similar experiments being successfully performed,—these are other questions.

Certain facts stand out. Neither Mr. Bond nor Mr. Alleyne "favoured the ordinary spiritualistic hypothesis which would see in these phenomena *the action of discarnate intelligences from the outside upon the physical or nervous organization of the sitters.*" They believe, with sufficient vagueness to be sure, that "the embodied consciousness of every individual is but a part, and a fragmentary part, of a transcendent whole, and that within the mind of each there is a door through which Reality may enter as Idea—Idea presupposing a greater, even a cosmic Memory, conscious or unconscious, active or latent, and embracing not only all individual experience and revivifying forgotten pages of life, but also Idea involving yet wider fields, transcending the ordinary limits of time, space, and personality."

In other words, Mr. Bond has a vision of man's finite mind reaching out and up to the spiritual unity of an infinite spiritual universe. And this vision is all very well. But such exalted ideas and words seem to have little to do with the actual experiment in hand, which was a very definite, limited, personal affair. Instead of reaching up to the spiritual world of Buddhi-Manas, as his theories would suggest, he quite clearly reached no higher than the reflection of that world—Kama Manas—the astral. The communications he received have several quite individualistic touches, and in themselves purport to be the efforts of certain clearly defined personalities to convey the desired information. Names and dates are specifically given. "Johannes De Glaston," "Reginaldus qui obiit 1214," "Beere, *Abbas*"—the last the name of him who built the Edgar Chapel—"Robert. Anno 1334. Glaston" are some of the signatures to characteristic scripts. And these scripts are one and all typical products of the astral light, queer mixtures of the definite and precise with vague, meaningless generalities. The language is a very curious and apparently senseless mixture of vulgar Latin, ecclesiastical Latin, old English of differing periods, and quite modern English. One of the "spirits"—or Kamalokic spooks as it may be suspected they were—understands quite clearly what he himself is. He writes: "Why cling I to that which is not? It is I, and it is not I, butt parte of me which dwelleth in the past and is bound to that whych my carnal soul loved and called 'home' these many years. Yet I, Johannes, amm of many partes, and ye better parte doeth other things—Laus, Laus Deo!—only that part which remembreth clingeth like memory to what it seeth yet." In other words, the soul of this cheery, companionable old monk has gone on—Laus Deo!—and his carnal parts cling "like memory" to the scenes of his incarnate life, willing and eager to talk of himself and his loved Abbey to any interested medium. To call such an expression a part of one's own consciousness rather than that of some "discarnate intelligence," and to think that one is in touch within oneself with a "cosmic Memory . . . transcending the ordinary limits of time, space, and personality" is to theorize without regard to the facts in hand. We might ask why the medium did not get into *rapport* with the "better parte" of Johannes, instead of merely his memory, inhabiting Kama-loka.

Moreover, we shall do well to remember that however verified in detail these communications may have been, spiritual knowledge, intuition "with certainty," accurate memory of the past, do not come through ouija-boards, automatism, and practically involuntary mediumship. We would not wish to be, and we are not, dependent upon such methods for sure and certain, nay, absolutely scientific knowledge about the past. There is an absolute spiritual world of Truth and Fact, which includes what our limited minds describe as memory. And there are also the reflections of this world; the crudest and most material being our physical world, and next above that, more mobile and lucent, the astral or psychic world,—more mobile and penetrable as water is to earth, but still limited. Sight and entrance into certain reaches of this psychic world are not given to many men in our generation. And to those to whom this is possible, the greatest care is necessary to distinguish between the water itself and what *it* contains, the reflection of the sky above, and the added reflection of him who gazes. All three things are seen inter-penetrating in the one field of vision; and may become a source of confusion and error.

Mr. Bond has tested certain of the messages by actual digging in the earth, and in so far he proved that the psychic reflections he and Mr. Alleyne obtained were valid and undistorted. But it should not be overlooked that many sittings contained no relevant matter whatsoever, and even manifested a pernicious and dangerous tendency to concern themselves with the defence of Germany and the Germans—a tendency of which there have been many instances in recent psychic communications in England and America. This fact should serve as a reminder

that the psychic world is not *per se* good and wise simply because it is less limited than our every-day world, but that it is after all our world disencumbered of a certain dead weight of matter, and must be considered as such.

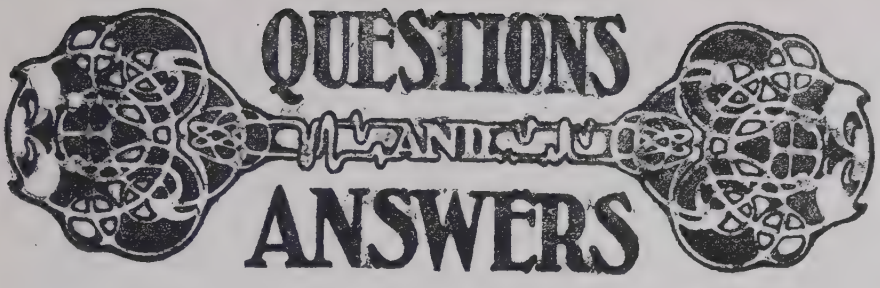
Mr. Bond's is an exceedingly interesting and practically tested attempt to reconstruct Glastonbury, as was Donnelly's attempt to reconstruct Atlantis. But in this instance, it would be a mistake, we feel, to think that the automatic writings here recorded come from "a more contemplative element in the mind." They are too much "the mere brain-record, the husk, the mechanism" of the memories of past personalities—"scattered as the chaff, shaken off as a discarded coat," and picked up by Mr. Alleyne. Glastonbury has more to give than stone walls and human memories. A. G.

So long as the brethren shall exercise themselves in this sevenfold higher wisdom, that is to say, in mental activity, search after truth, energy, joy, peace, earnest contemplation, and equanimity of mind, so long may the brethren be expected not to decline, but to prosper.—BUDDHIST SUTTAS.

And in the same way, Vasettha, there are these five hindrances, in the Discipline of the Noble One, which are called "veils" and are called "hindrances," and are called "obstacles," and are called "entanglements."

Which are the five?
The hindrance of lustful desire:
The hindrance of malice:
The hindrance of sloth and idleness:
The hindrance of pride and self-righteousness:
The hindrance of doubt.

—BUDDHIST SUTTAS.



[In view of the widespread misunderstandings of Brotherhood and its relation to Socialism and of the present importance of the subject, the following question and answer is reprinted from the QUARTERLY of January, 1909.]

QUESTION.—*I am unable to understand why the* THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY *takes the attitude it does toward Socialism. I am not a Socialist, though I am acquainted with many who so call themselves; but Socialism is a Brotherhood, and works specifically for the helping and uplifting of Humanity. Why then is not Theosophy, which has the same fundamental objects, in sympathy with it? Surely it cannot be because of different views regarding economic adjustments, as such details would hardly seem to come within the general scope of Theosophic teaching and practice. I would be glad of some definite points.*

P. K. S.

ANSWER.—The Editor of the QUARTERLY has sent this question to me for reply, knowing that I am in so sense a Socialist, but that I have been for many years a close student of it from various points of view. It is a large and complicated subject—an incoherent subject in its present stage of indefinite ideals and diverse conclusions and opinions—and therefore one hardly to be dealt with in the contracted space of the "Questions and Answers." I should think, furthermore, that so far as essential points are concerned, the querent might have found many of these in the various articles on the subject which have appeared in this journal from time to time, and to which reference is made. I may, however, offer certain suggestions which to my mind are pertinent, and afford no escape from the conclusion that the two view-points—Theosophy and Socialism—are, and always must be, diametrically opposed.

First, on this matter of Brotherhood. Here Socialism builds a fence and says all who are within it are Brothers; all without, unless or until they can be brought within its limits, are enemies or at least outsiders. (Of course I do not speak of the bitter or aggressive forms of Socialism, as these could hardly enter into our discussion.) This is an immediate recognition of sect or caste or creed; call it what you will, the idea is the same. Theosophy says all men *are* Brothers, regardless of race or sect or creed, or color, or any other distinction; regardless of their goodness or evil; regardless of their recognition of the fact or their opposition to it; regardless of whether they are friends of society, or enemies of it. For this Brotherhood is not an organization, nor can it consist in organization, no matter how widespread or broad, but is in itself a fundamental fact in Nature, the oneness or identity of all souls with the Oversoul. This oneness of soul may and does co-exist with the utmost divergence of mind and emotion. Therefore Theosophy says that for the realization of this Brotherhood, man must become a more spiritual being, must grow into closer contact with the soul where this condition perpetually obtains, and that all which makes man more spiritual makes of necessity for Brotherhood, and all which tends to make him more material, makes against it. So much for theory—the briefest possible indication, but careful study will demonstrate more and more the fundamental cleavage in the two conceptions. Then as to practice. Theosophy holds that

Socialism makes not for but *against* Brotherhood in that it makes for material, not for spiritual aims. Theosophy holds that man makes environment, not environment the man, since the soul under propulsion of wisely directed Divine Law, is pushing forever and ceaselessly upward and outward. Theosophy holds that it is our inestimable privilege to aid this process; first by recognition of it; second by rigid self-purification ("take first the beam from thine own eye, then shalt thou see clearly to take the mote from thy brother's eye"), and third by removing as far as possible all which impedes the full action of this Divine Law in the Universe. In many a detail it could here join hands with Socialism in special acts of reform, but it sees, and sees clearly, that Socialism's *material attitude towards reform* is a far greater bar to genuine progress than the matters it seeks to redress; and, therefore, as turning men's minds towards the body and away from the soul, Socialism constitutes a barrier *in itself* to advance, as largely representative of the ignorance and blindness of the mind absorbed in matter, to its true and enduring interest.

The ethics of Socialism preclude belief in the immortality of the soul. I know that this has been and will be vehemently denied; nevertheless those to whom the immortality of the soul is not an accepted theory but a *living fact,* can read my meaning. "According to your faith be it done unto you," said the Master. We need then above all things to widen and deepen our faith. In these days faith is being wonderfully *broadened,* but with a tendency to become *shallower;* the amount often being no greater, but merely distributed differently. Theosophy rests upon the soul and the soul alone. In its teaching the body is a shadow that comes and goes according as the Light is placed. That which causes the shadow therefore is its concern—the Light and that which stands before it.

D. R. T.

QUESTION No. 232.—*Will you please express in other terms these words from "Light on the Path": "The oscillation in which he lives is for an instant stilled; and he has to survive the shock of facing what seems to him at first sight as the abyss of nothingness. Not till he has learned to dwell in this abyss and has found its peace, is it possible for his eyes to become incapable of tears."*

ANSWER.—The oscillations are the changing phases of the brain mind, and its appreciations of sensations, physical, psychic and mental. It means the activities of the personal self. When the man has silenced and stilled these, there is the shock of facing what appears to be the negation of all that has been his life and purpose in life. Much of this is expressed better than I can translate it in *Through the Gates of Gold.* When the personal self is stilled a higher life opens out, for man can live in the eternal in place of in the personal, the evanescent, and the perishable; and when the personal motives of that self are stilled, the eyes are incapable of tears of regret and self-pity.

A. K.

ANSWER.—*Light on the Path* says: "These rules are written for all disciples: Attend you to them." Therefore we may learn from this little book and its rules, what disciples and discipleship are like, what they mean; and how, if we "attend," give our attention to them—not merely sliding over them with the surface apprehension of the mind—we may in time become ourselves disciples. For discipleship is a way, a path: hence we can only learn to know it and to become familiar with it by treading it. We must study the rules, but only can we get the heart of them by experimenting with them, by living by them. A road may be described to us many times, we may even see photographs of it, yet every one who has had the experience—a very common one indeed—has discovered how much the reality, when we travel it, varies from our understanding based on picture and word. This initial explanation and warning is requisite that we may not have too fixed notions as the result of intellectual considerations

merely, as these, until checked or modified by experience, are always distorted and inaccurate.

What then, first, do we mean by the word disciple, when we say these rules are for him? Among the great Brothers of the Lodge, that man is counted a disciple in full fact, when the inner consciousness and the outer consciousness have become one,—when, in other terms, the man is conscious of his discipleship, not merely wondering about it, or longing for it; when his sense of belonging to a Master, and the loving determination to follow and serve that Master, to the death if need be, has become the one all-absorbing desire and intention of his life. He may not know even who that Master is: he may only feel him there in the inner world: but that feeling is so intense and awakens such devotion and longing, that every other interest pales into insignificance beside it.

You can see from this that the actual knowledge may be slight, but the *feeling* cannot be slight for the man to be counted a disciple in this technical sense. Recognition there may not be, understanding there may not be, but an intensity of feeling, a desire that will not, that cannot be denied, must exist,—a hunger and a thirst that give no rest day or night, based on an unalterable conviction that the object of desire is there, to be found, to be attained, and that no price is too high to pay for it. When the man *in his personality* feels in this manner, then that man is reckoned a disciple, whatever his limitations may be, at whatever point in evolution he may stand in regard to the acquirement of "powers," to whatever grade or class of discipleship he might have to be assigned.

Approaching the study of *Light on the Path* in such a condition, we see easily the intensity of his application to its rules, and can guess somewhat of the light which the white heat of his desire would shed upon them. Let us try, so far as intellectually we are able, to see by this light. "Before the eyes can see they must be incapable of tears";—before the man, as man, as personality, as an individual engaged in the common affairs of life, as a man looking out intelligently upon the city street or the country lanes or into the faces of his acquaintances, can at the same time look into the inner world, not in a vision or an ecstasy, but quite simply and directly, as easily as he turns his head and looks out of the window,—before the man can do this, his ordinary eyes (perceptive powers), must be incapable of weeping over the illusions of outer events. This does not mean that he will never have tears in the eyes of his soul,—Ah! no: hot, bitter tears there often. But what is the difference? Well, something like this. If he meet with pain or misfortune or grief, he will not see much to distress him in that, so be the cause is exterior. If a brother disciple be in trouble, there is much to distress him. But if the Master be in trouble, if his work be endangered, then there is deepest distress—a distress that turns his will to steel, that solidifies every determination, that fills him with strength and courage,—an heroic ardour to dare all and give all and suffer all. If through his own fault the trouble has arisen, if the traitors in his own breast have betrayed him, or momentary inattention has missed a coveted opportunity of service, perhaps thrown added work upon his Master, are there not tears then in the eyes of his soul? But such tears are these as men shed in the sternness of a great resolve or the exultation of a great sacrifice. And so on through all those initial rules. They could be elaborated endlessly, since every phase of human experience that has ever been or shall ever be, in the eternal passing from this plane of consciousness to that other, is contained in them. That of course which pushes the man forward is the intensity of his desire—the ceaseless gnawing of his hunger, his fixed determination to reach his Master, known or unknown. And because of that, he goes on only half conscious of what he is doing, so fixed is his intent upon his goal. But there are two factors to be considered here, closely interblended. One is that the man must be conscious of what he is doing. The Law cannot allow him to commit himself in the dark. He must face the

situation and make his decision with realization of what he is doing. He is not to make his supreme sacrifice, to lay down once and for ever his ordinary life and consciousness, under the influence of narcotics or of stimulants. His sacrifice is to be made calmly, deliberately, with fullest sense that it is a sacrifice.

And so for "an instant" every process that has been going on in him is stilled. His enthusiasm is gone, his vision is gone, his courage goes with them, and his faith. And all sense of his Master goes also, for with that he would have everything. His Master demands this—here we have the second factor. It is the divine jealousy of spiritual love that will have all or nothing. Each Master represents the great Lodge, the Law. He is custodian of these for his Ray; and it is a necessity of his very being that he shall be immaculately true to his trust. So the whole heart and nature must be given, nothing held back anywhere, by the disciple. This utter loss and desolation is well named the "abyss of nothingness," for to the disciple's consciousness there is nothing that remains, no hope, no life, no heaven. If he has lived and worked intelligently up to this point, however, one thing he has,—the sense of his own existence, which his very pain proves to him. And holding on to that, he can steady his will, on which at this supreme moment his salvation depends. If in past days his love has tempered his will to that of his Master, he will now be able to *hold on,*—all that is necessary. For as he holds on, doggedly determined in his anguish not to relinquish his grip, a peace comes over him, and in that peace he falls asleep. When he wakes it is to a new heaven and a new earth, to the comprehension of a fuller life, and a love which obliterates all doubt and fear. This experience may be of brief duration, or it may take a long period of time. Love is the cause of it, love determines its length and intensity, love is its complete and all sufficient reward. CAVÉ.

QUESTION NO. 233.—*It has been said that the Masters are ever ready to undertake the liberation of the individual. Have the Huns reached the point where there is no liberation possible? Is there such a point?*

ANSWER.—If a man were to pursue his own will and pleasure, in defiance of the laws of right, he would become an ogre of crime and bestiality, as the Hun has become. He arrives finally in the gutter. When he has had his fill of that, and of the suffering which the gutter inflicts upon him, he may turn in desperation and disgust, away from his own will to whatever will he recognizes as wiser and better than his own. In any case, he is given an opportunity to repent, to turn, to be "converted." In many cases the opportunity is thrown away, and the man dies in the hell which he has made for himself. It may be that the Hun will continue to reject his opportunity, as he is now doing. However that may be, there is an exact correspondence between the individual and the nation. H.

ANSWER.—The liberation of the individual is the essence of the matter. I think with the suffering comes the opportunity of gaining knowledge and liberation, as well as the acquisition of qualities which may keep the individual free. The individual German would have the chance of getting free from the collective Karma of his nation provided he follows a higher ideal. But the Hun as a whole has been so purposely debased as regards all kinds of ideals that it is difficult to see where liberation is possible for the nation. Still, the Masters know all the details, and can see a way where ordinary eyes are blind. And if the various units of the peoples of Germany can rise to the ideal, and forget themselves and the degraded self-interest which they have been taught as an ideal, we can be very sure that no way to liberation will be closed to them. The allied nations may not be all that is ideal, but what would the Hun have become, and what

would the world have become under Hunnish direction? One might surely argue that there must be some good in the Hun from the very fact that he has been given a chance. A. K.

QUESTION No. 234.—*Does the disciple's attitude toward nature, differ from that of the ordinary man?*

ANSWER.—Yes, radically. The ordinary man approaches nature for the purpose of obtaining self-satisfaction from his contact with it. The disciple realizes that absolutely everything which God has created, or, in other words, everything which has evolved, is intended to serve man as a door, opening directly into the spiritual world. A flower, for instance, should be regarded as one of these innumerable doors. If we enter through that door, we shall find our Master standing on the other side. This does not necessarily mean that we shall see him bodily. It does mean, however, that we should find at least as much of him as we find after reading some poem, the work of God through man, which has deeply moved our hearts and stirred our wills, lifting us to clearer recognition of the Master's qualities and causing us to worship those qualities more ardently and truly.

Man, having "sought out many inventions," has done his utmost to convert each door to the spiritual world, into a doorway leading directly into hell. For the most part he has succeeded. But there still are many doorways which man's perversity has overlooked. He has not been able to degrade the sky, or the earth, or the flowers of the field, or the wilder animals. It is primarily his own faculties and functions which he has misused for the satisfaction of his lusts and appetites. The more divine the faculty or function, the more horrible the perversion. There is no field of creative art which he has not prostituted. None the less, God still intends that natural things shall be brought back to their original purposes, and we can help this process of re-conversion by habitual recognition of what those purposes were and are. Thus, in the case of a poem, we should seek always for "the fruit of our meditation," of our reading. We should begin to read it with the hope that it may prove itself to be a door into the spiritual world. We should look at a picture or listen to music in exactly the same way. If, in spite of our best efforts, we find that poem or painting or music, opens the other way, we should reject it instantly as being of the devil. It must always be remembered, however, that while man has done more to pervert beauty than either truth or goodness,—beauty remains in itself as pure a channel to divinity as the other two. The fact is that man tries to separate that Platonic trinity, while God insists that forever they shall remain inseparable. E. T. H.

QUESTION No. 235.—*In the* QUARTERLY *please tell me the meaning of the word Namastae, with which Letter IV in the first volume of the "Letters That Have Helped Me," ends.*

ANSWER.—"Namas te" is Sanskrit for "Obeisance to thee." Namas, from the root nam, to bend, is akin to Latin *numen*, divinity, from *nuo*, "nod," from the nod of Zeus. So Namastae is "bowing to thee," a fitting ending for a note. C. J.

QUESTION No. 236.—*"Light on the Path says: "Seek the way by retreating within." The Bible says: "The Kingdom of Heaven is within you." How can one learn to know this with one's heart and live in that Kingdom?*

If the Kingdom is within, then the King must be there too. Is one to pray to that King? And in trying constantly to identify oneself with the Higher Self is there not danger of confusing the two, or is it true that the King and the Higher Self are one?

ANSWER.—Surely for us the King and the Higher Self are one. In the title of "The Christ" the idea is conveyed: as it also is in that of "The Buddha" or in that of "Jivanmukti"; and when we are told to "Seek out the Way," we are also told, "Seek it not by any one road." To answer the first part of the question would be to reprint all the books on Devotion that have been written. Take Patanjali's *Yoga Aphorisms,* the *Bhagavad Gita,* the *Voice of the Silence,* the *Sermon on the Mount*—do what you are told, and discipline your external life in accordance, so living the exterior life that you extract the spiritual essence of it. Then surely you will be living in the Kingdom, and will know it in your heart. We have it all on record that he may read who runs, and the method may be found in the little book on *Meditation.* "If then ye know these things, happy are ye *if ye do* them." The aspirant is directed to "try": and is told, "Seek and ye shall find": but the search must be with your whole heart. A. K.

ANSWER.—The answer is in the question: "Seek." "Seek and ye shall find." The King, the Warrior is indeed within the Kingdom, and should be sought in all ways; prayer, praise, thanksgiving, devotion, and obedience; all expressions of love. C. J.

ANSWER.—A very homely illustration has been used to make clearer what "within" means;—it is the paper design on the tin container of Royal Baking Powder. We see a series of containers, developing inwardly. In a similar way, we can think of halls of consciousness, opening, one within the other, not until they stop thus opening, but until the eye and mind can no longer follow. Both questions seem to imply the same error, namely, that the student and the Master are the only two concerned in this process of learning. The hierarchical principle would lead one to postulate many grades between a student and a Master,—perhaps there might be Representatives living on the same plane with the student; their suggestions, comments, instructions would be very indicative.

A few years ago I read in a newspaper an account of an enquirer's visit to some Swami. The Swami sat in familiar ease, discoursing without stint.

"I am the All!" he said, "I am the limitless Ocean of Consciousness!" After these and similar statements, the Swami, according to the account, fell into a towering rage with a servant who had irritated him, and then explained that the rage was the rage of the "limitless Ocean." We can see two things clearly from this narrative. First, the Swami had an intuition of the Divine Life. That is commendable. The Swami was not a materialist. But, the Swami identified that Divine Life with his own lower nature. That is a fatal mistake. An average spiritual director could have pointed out the Swami's error. Can we think of our Higher Self as an ideal for us formed by the Master? If we make that ideal our aspiration, we shall be centered in something of His, not in something of our own. S. M.

ANSWER.—As one reads this question there springs up a longing to have the address of the questioner, in order to send off by special delivery one's copy of *Fragments,* Volume I, with a note saying: "Please turn to page 75, beginning with 'One question asked of me repeatedly is: How shall I find the Masters?' for there you will find your question analyzed and answered." S.

ANSWER.—Said one of the Wise to a questioner: "How do you pray—for unless you pray to that which you see as within you, you pray in vain." Said the stupid one: "But how can the Master be within me—sinner that I be?" Said the one who is wise: "If the Master were not within you, you were indeed lost. Has He not said that we are His children and does not even modern science admit that the primal cell from which we are builded is part of our whole ancestral line? Is this the less true of our spiritual nature? Strengthen the Master within you that He may rule you indeed and as you keep His Commandments, has He not promised that both He and His Father will abide with you?" SMITH.

T·S·ACTIVITIES

REPORT OF THE ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

Responding to the call of the Executive Committee, the Annual Convention of The Theosophical Society was held at 21 Macdougal Alley, New York, on Saturday, April 26th, 1919. Before the hour stated for the opening of the Convention, there were assembled delegates from all the Branches represented, members at large, and members of the New York Branch and other nearby Branches.

MORNING SESSION

At 10.30 a. m. the Convention was called to order by Mr. E. T. Hargrove, the ranking member of the Executive Committee, who explained that in the absence of the Chairman of the Executive Committee, Mr. Charles Johnston, on war duty in Washington, it was his duty to ask the wish of the Convention in regard to its temporary organization. Professor H. B. Mitchell nominated Mr. Hargrove as Temporary Chairman, and Miss Julia Chickering as Temporary Secretary. Mr. George Woodbridge seconded the nomination, and they were unanimously elected. Mr. Hargrove, taking the Chair, asked for a motion as to the first step necessary toward organization,—the selection of a Committee on Credentials. It was moved by Mr. J. F. B. Mitchell, and seconded by the Reverend Acton Griscom, that the Chair appoint this Committee. The Temporary Chairman named as the Committee on Credentials, Professor Mitchell, Miss I. E. Perkins, and Miss M. E. Youngs. After some opening remarks by the Temporary Chairman and by Mr. Woodbridge, the report of the Committee on Credentials was presented by Professor Mitchell, Chairman of the Committee, who stated that the credentials received showed that twenty Branches were represented by delegates and proxies, entitled to cast one hundred and eight votes. [In addition to the Branches so represented, credentials were later received for the Branches marked with an asterisk in the following list. These were recorded when received, but they were too late to be represented in the list of Branches voting.]

Blavatsky, Seattle, Wash.
Blavatsky, Washington, D. C.
Cincinnati, Cincinnati, O.
Hope, Providence, R. I.
Indianapolis, Indianapolis, Ind.
Middletown, Middletown, O.
New York, New York
Pacific, Los Angeles, Cal.
Providence, Providence, R. I.
Stockton, Stockton, Cal.
Toronto, Toronto, Canada
Virya, Denver, Colo.
Altagracia de Orituco, Altagracia de Orituco, Venezuela

Arvika, Arvika, Sweden*
Aurvanga, Kristiania, Norway
Jehoshua, San Fernando de Apure, Venezuela
Karma, Kristiania, Norway*
Krishna, South Shields, England
London, London, England
Newcastle-on-Tyne, Newcastle-on-Tyne, England
Norfolk, England
Venezuela, Caracas, Venezuela

It was moved and seconded that the Report of the Committee on Credentials be accepted with thanks; so voted. The Temporary Chairman stated that the next business before the Convention was permanent organization.

Permanent Chairman

On motion made and seconded, Professor Mitchell was elected Permanent Chairman, and took the Chair.

Permanent Chairman: I do not need to renew the welcome that has just been extended to the Convention in the name of the New York Branch, as whose representative you have again made me your Chairman. We all know that, with whatever grace of humour it was presented, it was very sincere and heartfelt, so that I have but to add to it my own grateful thanks for the high honour you have conferred upon me, and my deep sense of the responsibility that honour involves.

We meet together here to-day, delegates and members of The Theosophical Society, as humanity's trustees for a heritage so great that it can be limited only by our own capacity to receive and to transmit. It is a heritage of truth; not of the knowledge of temporal things, which change and pass from form to form, and whose truth therefore, too, must forever change and forever be recast; but a heritage of eternal truth, because the truth of eternal things. It is a heritage of life; of life that is immortal, because it is the life laid down, freed and surrendered, not claimed or held for self. It is the heritage of Theosophy, of *theou sophia,* the Wisdom of God.

It comes to us from every age and clime, from every quarter of the globe; from the snows of the Himalayas and the plains of India; from Krishna and Arjuna, and Buddha, the Compassionate; from Isis and Osiris, and the temples by the Nile; from the groves of Athens and the sands of Arabia; from the Cross on Calvary; from the prisons of Palestine and the arena at Rome; from the cloisters of the middle ages, and the flaming fagots in the market place in Rouen; from the battlefields of Europe, and from the hearts of unnumbered myriads of unknown men and women who have faced and conquered self in simple obedience to their vision of the right. It has been won and builded for us by that long line of seers and saints and martyrs, the pure in heart and warrior souled, that we may trace from the earliest dawn of history down to our own time and hour—down to those whom we meet day by day in the path of our discipleship, whom we have known and loved as comrades, whom we have called our friends. Age after age, century after century, they have come forth from the great Lodge they serve, to live and labour and die; to pour out their treasure to the last mite, their life to its last breath, to give to us and to the world the heritage that is ours. It is their truth, their life, we hold in our hands to-day; their footsteps that mark the path we have travelled to the untrod future at whose gates we stand, their power which strengthens us to fulfill their trust. And as we look back over the forty-four years since The Theosophical Society was founded—the years in which these age-long labours brought their fruits within our reach—we know the passion of gratitude that rises in our

hearts; the love and gratitude we bear to those who died, that the world—that we—might learn to live. We can say something of what we feel for some of our great companions of the past.

The great outstanding event of the past year is the death of Mr. Griscom. But his loss is too recent and too irreparable, it has left too deep a wound in all our hearts, for it to be possible to speak now of our love for him, or of what we owe to those thirty three years of unswerving devotion in which he gave his whole great heart and soul to us. It is impossible for me to speak. It would be impossible for you to listen.

It is, I know, customary in ordinary organizations, in our universities and churches and business firms, when death has taken from them a leader or loved colleague, to prepare a minute, setting forth his life and services and their sorrow in his loss, and to ask that this minute be adopted by a rising vote. But The Theosophical Society is not an ordinary organization, nor is our loss an ordinary one. Our feeling is not such as can be framed in words, or shown by any form or ceremony. It is part of the very life of our hearts and souls, an integral, living part of the life and soul of the Theosophical Movement. And because all words and forms would be inadequate and futile, I ask that all should be omitted; that what we feel for him, that what tells of what he was and is to us, may remain as the voice of the silence, speaking through our life and acts in enduring, quickening power, rather than in words that die upon the air. As in life he led us forward, so now his spirit leads. And his smile awaits, not our testimonies of sorrow and the past, but the seizing of our present opportunity; the pressing forward with renewed hope and cheer and courage to the vastness of the work that lies ahead; to the work that is now, and forever must be, his and ours together, because it is the Masters'.

It is in this spirit of new courage, of new hope and cheer, that we take up our great heritage from the past and turn to the high privilege and duty of the present, which is ours as the world's trustees and as members and delegates of this Convention.

Permanent Organization

Dr. Clark moved the nomination of Miss Perkins and Miss Chickering, who served last year, as Secretary and Assistant Secretary to the Convention; this motion was duly seconded and carried.

It was moved by Captain C. Russell Auchincloss, duly seconded and carried, that the Chair appoint the usual three standing Committees. The following Committees were then appointed:

Committee on Nominations
Mr. J. F. B. Mitchell, *Chairman*
Mr. George Woodbridge
Miss F. Friedlein

Committee on Resolutions
Mr. E. T. Hargrove, *Chairman*
Mr. Gardiner H. Miller
Mr. Arthur L. Grant

Committee on Letters of Greeting
Mr. K. D. Perkins, *Chairman*
Dr. C. C. Clark
Miss Margaret Hohnstedt

The Chairman next called for the reports of officers, asking Mr. Hargrove to report for the Executive Committee, in the necessary absence of the Chairman of that Committee.

Report of the Executive Committee

Mr. Hargrove: The first thing we have to report is that Dr. Keightley is present. Mr. Johnston usually reports for the Committee, and often its other

members first hear in his report, the full details of what has been done by the Committee during the year, for the very simple reason that the Society more or less works itself; which means that the spirit of the Society is one. It means that the mind of the Society has been unanimous. And just as in the case of the individual, when the individual is unanimous inside of himself instead of being a house divided against itself, so, in the case of The Theosophical Society, its existence, in one sense, is uneventful, although full of activity. I suppose that is only another way of saying that the Executive Committee has nothing to report. It is a very long time since we have heard from the members in Germany. I do not know just what will happen when we do hear from them. That remains to be seen. We shall have to take that fence when we get to it.

You have heard, from the Chairman's reference, what was really the event of the past year. But without referring to that again, we can think of another event—so far as this Convention is concerned—and that is the presence in our midst of Dr. Archibald Keightley. Now, of course, that also can be treated humorously or otherwise, because he goes back to the beginning of time. He doesn't look half so ancient as he is (*laughter*). But there would be another way of putting it. As a member, he goes back to 1883, and he is one of those who, for all those years, through good report and ill, so far as the Movement is concerned, in fair weather or foul, without any wavering at any moment, stood loyally by the Movement and by the Masters. Now that in itself is a wonderful record,—an extraordinary record. I do not know of anybody else who goes back further, or who has stood more loyally. If only for that reason, it would be an immense pleasure for all of us to welcome him to-day, in our midst, as an individual member, as one of the old guard, one of the old stand-bys, one who was the friend of H. P. B.,—not merely the follower but the friend.

The trouble is that I could talk for so long about him and what he has done for the work, that it is difficult to know where to begin or where to stop. One's mind goes back, of course, in my case, to old days in London, a few months after the death of H. P. B. The headquarters in those days was full of people who had known her, had worked with her. It did not take me long to discover that of all those who had been with her at that time, as one of her pupils, he was the one who knew her best, and whom she had trusted most. Assuming for one moment that she had the foresight that we attribute to her, her judgment would have been correct, because of all her personal pupils, he was the only one who stood by her spirit as well as her body, and who survives in the spiritual sense to this day. As Mr. Johnston has written: "Of the group of students whom Madame Blavatsky began to gather around her in England in 1887 and 1888, only one, Archibald Keightley, is still on the firing line." The fact of the matter is that I find these things extraordinarily difficult to talk about, so I think I will just drop it and come down to what you might call the fundamentals of my report.

Of course, thinking of the past makes one think of the future. The future is going to be the outcome of that past, and although I am very, very juvenile in comparison with such a particular antique as Dr. Keightley, yet my mind does go back reasonably far, and I do not believe that anyone who has not been a member for a great many years can really appreciate what the Society stands for; what it means in the world. As we see one after another removed by death from our ranks, it necessarily makes some of us feel that our time may come before so very long, and it necessarily makes us feel a deep anxiety as to the future of the Movement.

You will say that is foolish, perhaps,—just as if the Movement depended upon the life of an individual or half a dozen individuals. That is a commonplace even in a business house. There were some people foolish enough, after the death of the Editor of the QUARTERLY, to ask whether the QUARTERLY would

be continued. *Of course!* Things don't stop when they are real. And yet it is only natural that some of us should be anxious that those who are younger and newer in the work shall take hold, shall take hold so firmly, so deeply, with their whole being, that this Movement will be carried forward to the end of this century without a break. What does that mean? There is an old Chinese saying to the effect that one difference between a sage and an idiot is that the sage breathes from the soles of his feet. Perhaps it is used figuratively to some extent, but not altogether. The essence of it for us is this: that what some of the older members want is to see an increasing group of younger members who will take hold body and soul, with all that they are and have, without any reservation whatsoever, anywhere in their make-up. That is what we want, and that is what we have got to have, and what you have got to give.

After all, race, blood, tell in many ways; and we must face the fact that it is the exception and not the rule for any one of our race and blood to be able to give himself completely to anything. You may not like the idea, but it is true. And yet there are exceptions, and the history of The Theosophical Society has proved it. Ceaselessly we are looking for those exceptions, ardently longing that we may meet with them, that they will turn up, as it were, among the ranks of our membership. Why is it that we are so desperately anxious to see the work carried forward? It is for the same reason that Dr. Keightley, for instance, has stood, and stood, and stood. It is for the simple reason that some of us have learned, in all simplicity and sincerity, to love the Masters. That is why. That is the reason we are anxious that others shall acquire that same attitude and feeling and purpose and resolve, so that nothing will ever shake them; so that their understanding will keep pace with their will; so that we too, when our time comes, may die in peace, with the thought that the work,—the Masters' work,—will be carried on and on. It is not only that the future of humanity is at stake,—not only that we long to see these great truths passed on like fire from heart to heart: it is that, in the deeper sense of the word, the lives of the Masters themselves are at stake. See, just for one moment, what this Society stands for. . . . Oh, well! I will not attempt that this morning. It would take too much time. You know much about it, as it is, and all I could do at best would be to remind you of things familiar. Perhaps better than for me to attempt it will be to hear about it from others. The message will be the same. It is only the words that will be different. But I do believe that as one after another speaks, though speaking about different things, maybe, you will of necessity recognize the divine purpose back of it all, and the same great longing, the same determination. Such things speak for themselves.

The Society has weathered many storms. Doubtless it will have to face other storms in the future. That is all right. Storms do not matter. What you need are the few who are not going to be shaken by storms; who are going to keep their course; who recognize their goal; who see, no matter how far off, the beacon lights of home, and who can be trusted through thick and through thin, without thought of self, to carry on.

Now I know well that if the Chairman of the Executive Committee were here to-day, that is something of the message that he too would wish to express. It *is* a message. The day is long past, in the history of this Movement, when messages have to be signed, sealed, and delivered. Your own hearts are the judges. Your own hearts answer and decide; and although, from one standpoint, we meet here, year after year,—I think this is the forty-fourth year of the Society —to confer about the business of the Society, yet in the deeper sense—in the true sense—the business of the Society is, as it were, the outer covering of the reality. And that reality is that as many as possible of those who are giving their hearts to the Cause shall meet together and re-kindle from one another—from contact with one another—that ancient fire passed down from eternity, and

thus be better able to pass it on in future to others. That is why we meet. That is the explanation of all that is acquired at these Conventions. Let us, I venture to suggest, keep that purpose in mind, and let us go back when the Convention is over, reinforced in understanding and in purpose, with a realization —perhaps such as we have never had before—that the responsibility of each member of this organization is immense. Marvellous is the opportunity,—true! But the responsibility would perhaps be crushing if it were not for the knowledge that we, after all, are mere pawns on the chess board in comparison with those great ones who are responsible for the Movement; who started it and will never let go of it, and whose might and majesty have maintained it through all these years, in spite of the frenzied efforts of its enemies to destroy it and so prevent the victory which the White Lodge must gain.

THE CHAIRMAN: We wish just as full a report from the Executive Committee as possible, and I shall ask Dr. Keightley, if he does not wish to report, at least to present himself as a portion of that report.

DR. KEIGHTLEY: If one may say so, it is not customary for junior members of the Executive Committee to add to reports when their seniors have so ably summed up in condensed form all the events of importance which have taken place since the last meeting of the Society.

Mr. Hargrove spoke of the forty-fourth year of the Society. The formal Conventions of the Society appear to date from the time when the Convention was held in Chicago by the members of the American section. Previous to that time, there had, I believe, been informal gatherings round the heads of the Society, Madame Blavatsky and Colonel Olcott, in the places in which they had lived. But those were fortuitous events, not regular gatherings of the members for organizing and considering the work of the Society as such. Many of you are doubtless aware that at the Chicago Convention to which I have referred, Mr. Judge was appointed General Secretary. It was my privilege then to be the bearer of a letter of greeting from Madame Blavatsky, to the American members in Convention assembled. And from that time (1887), without a break, members of the American groups of Branches have united in the consideration of the events of life, in their methods of work, and in organization to meet the needs of that work. The real object of that Convention in 1887 was to place the work of the Society on a deeper basis than had previously prevailed. The Society was then in the position of recovering from an attack of psychic measles. The external phenomena which we find recorded in Mr. Sinnett's book, *The Occult World*—the phenomena of spiritualism, of psychism generally—had taken possession of the minds of many members. If you look back to the old numbers of the *Theosophist,* you will find recorded there more than one warning against the organization of psychic phenomena on a monetary basis. Some people in this country, who had misunderstood the meaning of Theosophy, had imagined that clairvoyance and so forth might be used for monetary reward, and that psychic powers might be put upon a business basis! Gradually, under what I believe to be the guiding hand of the Masters of wisdom, and through the efforts of Madame Blavatsky and Mr. Judge, that phase of what we may call material psychism was done away with. And then, as Mr. Hargrove pointed out, you come to the deeper and more serious business of The Theosophical Society, its great purpose,—to deepen the lives of its members; to give them a deeper consciousness of their own being.

And so, if I may deal with the history,—in 1887 I had the privilege of bringing Madame Blavatsky's greetings. I came again in 1888; and again in 1890 to 1891, travelling back from New Zealand. It was in 1891 that Madame Blavatsky passed from this scene of life; during the next ten years came the struggle and disruption created by Mrs. Besant in the attacks against Mr. Judge, and then the loss of Mr. Judge. When these seniors passed from amongst us and the rest of us were

left with the need to carry on the Movement as best we could,—as Mr. Hargrove indicated, there were shocks; there was the sense of loss. We who are now engaged in the work shall almost certainly find the necessity of arising in all our strength to meet the shocks which will be provided as a means for the further growth of the Society. Time and again, I believe that the Masters have sent word to those who were in the midst of past shocks, to stand firm as a rock, that the work of the Movement might enlighten the world at large. Members were asked to remain absolutely firm,—as a fulcrum upon which the Masters can move the world to its true destiny, and save it from becoming entirely material. That is our privilege,—one of the things which we are here for. I speak my own belief. It does not involve any entailment of belief on other people, but I would like to present it as part of what I am. As Mr. Hargrove, with too kind insistence on my effort, has said,—I have been privileged to be among those who headed the Movement, and I can only add, for my own part, that there is no virtue in me that has held me, but, having been privileged to be where I have been, through the action of Karma, I could do nothing else than I did.

THE CHAIRMAN: The next business is something which, year after year, we have looked forward to with the greatest pleasure: the report of our Secretary, Mrs. Gregg. Unfortunately she is too ill to come over, at least in weather like this, to make it in person; and consequently it will be made this year by our Assistant Secretary, Miss Perkins, who does a great deal more, year by year, day in and day out, than a good many of us realize.

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY T. S. FOR THE YEAR ENDING APRIL 26, 1919

New Members

This has been, outwardly at least, a year of such sudden reversals that your Secretary did not look for the kind of growth that is represented by forming of new Branches, and admission of new members. Hard upon the opening of our work for the fall, came the news of the apparent termination of the Great War, throwing into violent relief the separation that had somehow occurred between the outer conflict, so strangely concluded, and the inner warfare, in which no cessation was either possible or attempted. That the time of bewilderment was, for most of our members and Branches, so short, and the impetus to renewed and vigorous effort so immediately compelling, is cause for gratitude, both to the Masters who stand behind our work, and to the leaders by whose clear insight into spiritual issues the work of the Society has been directed so wisely. One result of the steadiness, in the midst of universal confusion, that has characterized the T. S., is reflected in the unexpected accessions that have come to our membership during the year. Furthermore the number of new members reported during the final two months of our year is noticeably large—quite out of proportion to the accessions of the preceding ten months. This fact, too, may have significance for those who look behind the outer event to the inner causes from which it flows. We have added, during the past year, 63 members to our roll: United States, 31; South America, 8; Norway, 14; England, 9; and Holland, 1. Plans are also on foot for the formation of several new Branches, which I trust may be functioning, vigorously, before the next annual Convention. Our losses during the year were six; by resignation, two; by death, four. Each of these members is missed by those with whom Karma had associated him, and in the corner of the great field where he had been placed. There is one of the number whose loss is mourned by every member and in every Branch. It had been Mr. Griscom's great privilege to hold a post that brought him close to each one of us, and the way in which he held it, through the years, unites us in a common heartache and a common determination to show that we are richer, stronger, more ardently devoted to the Theosophical Movement, because of his service in it.

Correspondence

It is natural that the outer activities of the Secretary should be chiefly expressed in the correspondence of the office; and the variety of the inquiries and requests made is a never failing source of satisfaction. There are certain Branches which have always made the Secretary a confidant as to their plans and efforts; and it might surprise them to know the extent to which they have in this way been helping in the work at Headquarters, where it is our effort to feel the pulse of the Society, and to do, as may be given to us, whatever we can to keep it steadily and fully in the current of that mighty force that is manifested through our work. It is largely with our members-at-large that regular correspondence is maintained; some of them who have never visited Headquarters are as well known there as those who are near enough to come in frequently—and to that family group all isolated members are most cordially invited. Many members regret that some circumstance or other seems to prevent them from joining or forming a Branch; they naturally desire to be fruitful but they not uncommonly think of that as requiring some one particular gift. The fact is that there are many kinds of fruit, all needed in our work, and no one is unable to make contribution of some sort. Join the Secretary's "Branch for Stay-at-homes." Nothing will be asked of you that you cannot do, and you may find the joy that comes only with service to others. This is a large and eclectic Branch for it also makes room for those friends of the Movement who are with it in heart, but are for some reason temporarily prevented from becoming members, outwardly.

Branch Activities

The Branch activities are as varied as in previous years. As one reads the reports from Branch Secretaries one cannot fail to note the strong individuality that marks the work of different Branches; Branch officers may and do change, but there is evidence of an organism within most Branches that is working out its course according to the life and the opportunities given it. Many Branches will be reporting here, and others will doubtless be represented in the Convention Report, so it is not necessary to do more than to call attention to the evidences of distinctive Branch life, and to suggest that this would be made doubly clear by comparison of the reports of this year with those of preceding years, as given in the successive Convention Reports.

The Theosophical Quarterly

As the organ of the Movement, the QUARTERLY has never more fully and brilliantly served its purpose than during this past year. It has with unfailing insight marked out, in anticipation, the probable progress of world events,—suggesting ways of making inner effort reinforce or forestall the effects of what seemed likely to take place in the outer world. It has thrown such clear light on the unseen conflict and forces that none of us can plead ignorance or lack of opportunity to engage in the contest that has been waged under the leadership, as some of us believe, of the Lodge of Masters. At no other time has the understanding and clear sightedness of the writers for this magazine been so evident to readers outside our membership, and so genuinely appreciated. Frequently, gratitude leads someone to write—"I did not know what to think about so-and-so, until the QUARTERLY came; now I am no longer confused, now I see what it all means."

About the plans for the magazine during the coming year it is not for me to speak. I should, however, like to suggest that those who are seeking opportunities to express their love and devotion to Mr. Griscom, who made the QUARTERLY, will find one appropriate means in the promotion of the circulation of the magazine. There is no desire that its circulation should run into large figures, but

rather that it should reach everyone of those comparatively few people who at present have an ear open to its message, and hearts ready to respond. To double our subscription list would be easy—by any one of a dozen methods; but it is only by devoted and constant work that our members in different parts of the world can discover, one by one, the waiting individuals to whom it should go. Beyond the reach of their acquaintance, always stand the libraries, through which many personally unknown to them may be reached, if the magazine is placed there.

The Quarterly Book Department

To this organization, independent of the Society in financial responsibility and management, but also an integral part of our work, acknowledgment should be made for great service to the Cause. The year has not been marked by new publications, but there have been important reprints of some of our most valued books. One significant feature of the book business has been the extent of the demand for its publications outside our own ranks,—the books chiefly so ordered being both volumes of *Fragments,* and the *Abridgment of the Secret Doctrine.*

For the coming year the Book Department has the promise of the opportunity to bring out in book form selected portions of Mr. Griscom's contributions to the literature of the Movement:—his "Elementary Articles," making one book; articles on related subjects, in pamphlet form; and a collection of his letters to various individuals.

A Personal Acknowledgment

Again, I must repeat that, as I review the year, my first thanks go to the Masters who have been pleased to use my poor service in their great cause; next come to mind my fellow officers, whose counsel and constant support is my unfailing refuge. The Assistant Secretary asks that mention also be made of those members who have so generously given of their time for the work of this office that is carried on in New York, under the direction of the Assistant Secretary. In the care of the subscription lists, and addressing of envelopes for mailing the magazine, four should be specially mentioned,—Mrs. Helle, Mrs. Vaile, Miss Graves and Miss Hascall. In the filling of book orders, correspondence, etc., constant help has been given by Miss Youngs; Miss Chickering; Miss Bell; Miss Lewis; and Miss Wood. (Parenthetically, I should like to add that letters relating to the foregoing classes of work might better be addressed to P. O. Box 64, Station O, New York, instead of being sent to the Secretary's office and forwarded from there.)

What opportunities for service, what tests of our devotion, the coming year may hold must be unknown to us, but we have the deepest cause for rejoicing in the unity and common devotion to the Movement with which we stand, shoulder to shoulder, facing the future, joyously, as we review the wonderful leading of the past.

Respectfully submitted,

ADA GREGG,
Secretary, The Theosophical Society.

THE CHAIRMAN: No one will wonder that your Chairman said that the presentation of this report was something that we had looked forward to, year after year, with just the same gladness that we find now in our hearts. I know that Mr. Perkins has something that he wants to say to us on this subject:

MR. PERKINS: We who have been privileged to come to this Convention year after year, look to Mrs. Gregg's report as one of the bright spots of the Convention, and we look forward to Mrs. Gregg's standing up and reading that report to us, because it is a message direct from her heart. We did not see her this

time, but we know that all through the year, all over the world, that message of the Secretary is going out. So many of the present members first came into touch with the Movement, years ago, by writing to Ada Gregg, Secretary T. S.; her letters were the first channel to them of the life and meaning of the Theosophical Movement. It is part of the meaning of the Convention that membership in The Theosophical Society is a membership of souls, of hearts; and one of the joys in coming to this Convention is always the steady fire of the heart of Ada Gregg, poured out for the Movement. I want to suggest that, in accepting this report with thanks, the Convention send Mrs. Gregg some flowers, and a word of greeting, in some such simple form as the following, which I think all of us would like to sign:

"The Convention of 1919 of The Theosophical Society sends its love and cordial greetings to that dear and faithful friend who has given herself so generously in its service, and whose devotion to the Theosophical Movement is treasured as one of its shining jewels."

MR. HARGROVE: It used to be my privilege, in years past, to join with others in expressing to Mrs. Gregg the gratitude of the Convention. I think that Mr. Perkins's idea is a splendid one, and I am exceedingly glad it is going to be done. I know everyone here would wish to sign that recognition. I know that it has been a deep grief to Mrs. Gregg not to be present, and I do not see what else we *can* do than convey to her in this way, some expression of our own feeling. I know how deeply all of us miss her presence here. As Mr. Perkins said, she makes her own, unique contribution. No one else could make it for her. It is not only one of the happy episodes of the Convention, but one of the most appealing,—to see that dear lady get up and to recognize the same spirit burning there as always, in the service of the Society. Personally, I want to use this opportunity to convey on the part of the older members, the deepest affection for Mrs. Gregg, the utmost respect for her years of devotion and sacrifice, and the prayer that she may be spared for years to come, not only for our own sakes, but for the sake of the work.

MR. WOODBRIDGE: It is my privilege to speak about Mrs. Gregg on behalf of the younger and newer members of the Society, who have unbounded admiration for that gallant little cavalryman who each year has stood up and given us not only in her written report, but in herself so much that we may carry away. In the QUARTERLY for April, 1918, in the article entitled "Lodge Dialogues," three primary requisites of the Society were given: loyalty, humility, and love. I am sure that to many of the readers of the QUARTERLY there must have come the picture of our Secretary. In her report she expressed those qualities unconsciously, just as she has expressed them in her life. I take great pleasure in seconding the motion on behalf of the younger members.

THE CHAIRMAN: I know you will all wish to have a chance to give some direct expression of your feeling, so I will ask for a rising vote. [Rising vote was given with enthusiasm.]

MR. HARGROVE: I am not willing to leave this to anybody else. If Mr. Johnston were here it would be another matter. I want to move a vote of thanks to Miss Perkins for the enormous amount of work that she has done during the past year. [*Applause.*] There are not many perhaps, who realize it as I do (although all of you evidently know a great deal about it). The fact is, she has done an almost incredible amount of work, directly and indirectly,—as Assistant Secretary, as Manager of the Quarterly Book Department, and in a great many other ways. She has been helped by other ladies at the Community House and in the Society. I think you ought to know that,—some of those ladies whose names have been mentioned already and others, too, have devoted every moment of their spare time to helping Miss Perkins, who, of course, would be the first to say that without their help she could not possibly have accomplished what she has accom-

plished. I would like to move, and the motion is already seconded, that this Society officially pass a vote of thanks to Miss Perkins for the great service that she has rendered during the past year.

The vote was unanimously carried.

The next business being the report of the Treasurer, Mr. Hargrove was asked to take the Chair.

PROFESSOR MITCHELL: I feel that the vote of thanks that has just been passed is a very fitting preface to the Treasurer's report, because the treasurership has become an honorary office, the labours of the position being almost wholly, if not entirely, fulfilled by the Assistant Treasurer, who is one of those many helpers —but to the Treasurer, at least, a very primary and chief helper—to whom we have just wished to acknowledge our gratitude. Therefore let me begin by expressing my own indebtedness to the Assistant Treasurer, Miss Youngs.

REPORT OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

April 23, 1918—April 24, 1919

GENERAL FUND AS PER LEDGER

Receipts		*Disbursements*	
Dues from members	$673.22	Secretary's office	$121.75
Subscriptions & donations to the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY	738.42	Printing & Mailing THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY (four numbers)	1,512.45
General contributions	198.30	Expense of Subscription Dept. of QUARTERLY	30.10
	1,609.94	Miscellaneous (rents, etc.)	65.00
Deficit April 24, 1919	146.45	Collections	.46
	1,756.39		1,729.76
		Deficit April 23, 1918	26.63
	1,756.39		1,756.39

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

(Including Special Accounts)

General Fund

Receipts	1,609.94	Disbursements	1,756.39
Deficit April 24, 1919	146.45		
	1,756.39		1,756.39

Special Publication Account

Balance April 23, 1918	312.00	Balance April 24, 1919	312.00

Discretionary Expense Account

Balance April 23, 1918	483.00	Balance April 24, 1919	483.00
			795.00
Deficit in General Fund April 24, 1919			146.45
Final Balance, April 24, 1919			648.55
On deposit in Corn Exchange Bank, April 24, 1919		$1,095.38	
Outstanding checks uncashed		446.83	
Funds of Special Publication and Discretionary Expense Account		648.55	648.55

HENRY BEDINGER MITCHELL, *Treasurer.*

We are returning to the familiar days when we are running with a deficit year after year. How it is done, I never could say. There is, however, something very cheerful in the condition, if we look back to what has been accomplished in this way in the past. If we were to look at our deficit in the ordinary way, I should be obliged to point out to you that for two years we have been running at a loss. May I call your attention to another fact that is of interest: the expense of producing the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY for the past year has been greater than ever before, owing to the large increase in the cost of paper, printing and binding. This increased expense was unavoidable, but it transpires that the increase in the amount received from the QUARTERLY in subscriptions and donations exceeds the increase in the cost of producing it. I do not think any other magazine is brought out with so little expense as the QUARTERLY; all the work done on it is a labour of love; the Society has only to pay for paper, printing, and postage. With these explanations, I beg to present the report which I have already read and to ask your acceptance of it.

It was duly moved and seconded that the report be accepted with the thanks of the Convention; unanimously carried.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON NOMINATIONS

[The Chairman, finding that two of the standing committees were prepared to report before the recess, called at this time for those reports.]

MR. MITCHELL: There are two vacancies on the Executive Committee, and for them your Committee presents the names of Dr. Keightley and Mr. Perkins. We also nominate Mrs. Gregg as Secretary; Miss Perkins as Assistant Secretary; Professor Mitchell as Treasurer; Miss Youngs as Assistant Treasurer.

THE CHAIRMAN: Being a report of a Committee, no second is necessary. Is it your pleasure that the nominations be accepted complete or separately? Moved by the Reverend Acton Griscom, seconded by Mrs. Coryell, that the nominations be accepted complete, as they stand. Moved by Dr. Clark and seconded by Captain Auchincloss that the Secretary be instructed to cast one ballot. The motion was unanimously carried; and the Secretary declared the ballot cast.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON LETTERS OF GREETING

MR. PERKINS: The Committee has a number of most excellent letters. I should like to ask permission to read extracts from them now, and then later, if there is time, we can go back and read additional extracts. [Such excerpts from the letters of greeting as space admits of printing will be found following the end of the Convention Report.]

THE CHAIRMAN: I think we should be very grateful to the Committee on Letters of Greeting for what they have presented to us. It is now time to adjourn this morning session, but before adjournment there are a number of announcements to be made: first, as to the luncheon given by the New York Branch to visiting delegates and members. It is a period of informal discussion, of getting to know one another better, which I, personally, look upon as one of the most valuable and most delightful features of the day. I hope everyone present will accept the invitation from the Branch to go with us to this luncheon. I would also urge that all visiting members and delegates should make themselves personally known to the Chairman. Then I want to deliver a message from Mrs. Gregg. She is very much troubled lest we should feel any hesitancy in using her, and her office, because she is not able to be here to-day. And she begs of us, not to think of her as unable to continue her work, but to write to her just as in the past. [The Chairman also announced the meeting of the New York Branch, Saturday evening; the Convention lecture, Sunday afternoon, by Mr. E. T. Hargrove, on "Theosophy"; and the tea which followed the lecture.]

MR. HARGROVE: When we reassemble here, I would like to suggest that the first business be to welcome Dr. Keightley, and to hear his report and letter from England. Other letters have been read this morning from those who were not able to come here. Colonel Knoff, among others, was very anxious to attend the Convention, but found it absolutely impossible. We heard his very delightful letter. We are so fortunate as to have Dr. Keightley with us, and I know we all want to hear from him.

The Convention then adjourned to reconvene at half after two o'clock.

AFTERNOON SESSION

THE CHAIRMAN: Before we proceed with the afternoon session, the Treasurer would like to make an announcement: in the interval between the morning and afternoon sessions, he has received a check which wipes out two thirds of the deficit, with the simple message, "Towards the deficit and in memory of Mr. Griscom." Perhaps it is because of such things as this, that the Society has been able to go on year after year with a deficit and still have funds to do all that is necessary.*

The first business of the afternoon session is the continuing of greetings to the Convention. The Chair calls for Dr. Keightley as representative of the work in England.

DR. KEIGHTLEY: *To the members of The Theosophical Society, in Convention Assembled:* As General Secretary of The Theosophical Society in England, I desire to present the greetings of all the members in that country, and to express, on their behalf and my own, the hope that the deliberations of the day may be attended, not merely with all success, but with that union of hearts and minds which leads to effective work and to the dissemination of theosophical principles.

Although we meet now with the prospect of peace being concluded, we are still under the terms of the armistice, and it cannot be said, so far as Europe is concerned, that mankind as a whole is very much nearer to the realization of that peace which all men ardently desire. We are not set free—no nation on earth is set free—from that self-seeking which led to the war; from the assertion of the power of one individual over another. And it would really seem that we have brought ourselves face to face with a material destruction which, in the majority of instances, has not taught its lesson to those who live by assertion of self. One fact seems clear to those who are living in the midst of the conditions created by the war: it is that the remedy for the disease which we may call military madness is not to be found in indulgence—in those moral, or rather unmoral qualities which form the basis of ordinary external life—but that the remedy is to be sought in devotion to higher principles than those which are the basis of the ordinary life of mankind. Aside from all the undoubted evils which the war has created and which have been the result of the war, we members of The Theosophical Society have the remedy; it is expressed in the words Universal Brotherhood.

But speaking as one of the oldest members of The Theosophical Society, Universal Brotherhood does not mean a namby-pamby, sentimental kind of Socialism, but the integrating value, the healing, whole-making remedy for those qualities which defile the very soul of man; the effort to live by such principles as would lead man away from the passions and vices which deform and destroy men's souls; the effort to understand those forces and qualities which are summed up as "envy, malice, hatred, and all uncharitableness," which, in our own familiar lives, we know break up the conditions under which we live. To almost all of us it is a familiar fact that anger exerts a disruptive force on the nervous system; envy creates a sort of mean snatching after something which is not our own; fear

* Contributions, also in memory of Mr. Griscom, were received later, which completely wiped out the debit balance, and gave the General Fund $65.00 with which to start the new year.

has a physical effect on the nervous system, and it is familiar to many of us that there is a physical sinking at the pit of the stomach as the result of the sensation of fear. All these things should give us some guidance as to the nature of the forces which oppose Universal Brotherhood. And so it is that, speaking as an official of the Society, I would lay before the Convention the world's great need for a new type of education, which shall no longer develop in mankind those qualities and those disruptive forces which brought on the war.

One result of the war has been the difficulty of communication. The greetings from Branches in England will show that it has not been possible to hold many meetings. The means of communication were not there; the service of trams and omnibuses was curtailed; members could not get about; there was no light in the streets; the windows had to be darkened; it was really impossible to hold the meetings except in the early afternoons, at times when almost all the members were busy with their ordinary occupations. One result of this has been that the membership in England has remained exactly the same, although two members have been removed by death, and the same number have joined. Consequently it might seem that our national Branch is inert, but I believe that this is not the case, for those members who have been actively at work before are still at work, in the immediate circles of those who surround them, with an added sense of the results of the war and an eager determination to carry on the work which they have at heart. And in that work, I do not think there is one member in England who would not desire, through my agency and by my lips, to convey their deep sense of the debt of gratitude that they owe to their brethren of America for maintaining and sending to them the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY; and they would wish me to add to these brief words of gratitude, their sense of the loss which you and we have sustained in Mr. Griscom's removal from active external life.

Supplementing this more formal report, I would like to give you some idea of the work Madame Blavatsky used to do, as I was privileged to know of it. Her various publications, beginning with *Isis Unveiled,* written here in New York, were carried on, when she went to India, in books and in the early numbers of the *Theosophist;* carried on until she began to edit her own magazine, *Lucifer.* Her work in the intervening years consisted in the publication of *The Secret Doctrine; The Key to Theosophy; The Voice of the Silence*—in writing innumerable private letters to individuals, as Corresponding Secretary of The Theosophical Society; and in interviews with people who came to call upon her. Only those in her immediate vicinity could know of the actual amount of labour which Madame Blavatsky undertook. I do not think I am exaggerating in saying that her day began well before six o'clock in the morning, and with very brief and irregular intervals for meals, went on until after eight o'clock at night; occasionally she stopped earlier when she had to entertain visitors to the Society, and hold meetings in her rooms. After this was over, back she would go again to her desk, and her pen never rested until after midnight. This was her life when I went to greet her at Ostend; I saw it go on in London for the next five years, and I have good reason for believing that her life of practical devotion to the interests of the work she was sent to carry on never ceased. We speak amongst ourselves of being able to devote our leisure time to the interests of the work. Madame Blavatsky had no moments at all which you would call "of leisure."

At the beginning of her life in America, before the Society was founded, came one of the many peculiar incidents in it. She had been ordered to go to a banking house in Paris and to receive there a considerable sum of money; she was to take it to New York, and await directions. She got the money and left in great haste; she had to take the first steamer possible. She had money enough of her own to get a saloon passage from a port in France to New York, but finding at the steamer a woman in great distress because of the loss of her ticket,

Madame Blavatsky surrendered her saloon ticket and went steerage, so that she could pay for the other woman's passage. She arrived in New York without the least idea of where she was to go, with no money at all of her own, and had to maintain herself by making wax flowers. By and by she received directions to go to Buffalo; she went, carrying with her the sum of money she had received from the bankers in Paris. As I heard her narrate the story, she arrived in Buffalo after dark. Having been told to follow her instinct, she went through the streets till she came to the place she was to go to. She knocked at the door; a man came down; she ascertained that he was the man to whom the money was to be given, gave it to him and departed. She found afterward that the man was on the point of committing suicide; he was in debt and what he received was due him. That instances one of those many journeys which Madame Blavatsky took. She used to say, when referring to them, that she was told to follow her occult nose. She knew no reluctance and no hesitancy in carrying out the directions given her, no matter what the distance, nor how arduous the task. I wish I could convey to you some idea of the difficulties which she met; there were the difficulties created for her by many who were her familiar friends; there were the obstacles put in her way by those who were opposed to her,—critics innumerable, and great hostility. She had all the work to do. There might be one or two of us who could be trusted in a small way to carry out certain details,—but in doing them we usually got in her way. Really she had to do the whole thing; the work and the burden lay on her shoulders. And it is to her whole-souled devotion to the principles of Theosophy that we owe, at the present moment, a knowledge of those philosophies, ideals, and methods which we are accustomed to call Theosophy.

Our debt of gratitude to Madame Blavatsky, and to those who sent her, is deeper than we know; her devotion to the work involved complete sacrifice of what makes life sweet to most people. It was not only laying aside self and assuming unpleasantnesses and difficulties, it included also what I would call vicarious atonement. I remember Madame Blavatsky's speaking on the point. She would not call it vicarious atonement, but what she said was to this effect, that the forces which oppose truth and right in the world are always attacking those who hold up the standard, and that she, by her immolation for the work, was a kind of lightning conductor, carrying off the electric storms which smote the Society; so the Society was enabled to live. I know that I am speaking to those who appreciate the real depth and value of the Theosophical principles, and it seems fitting that they should learn, quietly and steadily, what depths of sacrifice have been entailed on the part of those who have held up the standard of the Movement. In the case of Madame Blavatsky, it involved deliberate sacrifice of all that makes self and the life of the self worth living. You lay it aside and you pick up a sort of shirt of nettles which stings and which you endure. One speaks of it as a shirt of nettles because it is a sort of nettle rash. It is as if you were perpetually being poisoned. It is as if you had to throw off and slough off all the poison that came into the Theosophical system. It was as if Madame Blavatsky, in her own person, had become the body corporate of The Theosophical Society.

Report of the Committee on Resolutions

Mr. Hargrove: *Mr. Chairman and Fellow Members:*

There are certain resolutions which we pass from year to year:

I. Resolved, That Mr. Johnston as Chairman of the Executive Committee be authorized to reply to the letters of greeting.

This ought to read, this year, because of Mr. Johnston's absence, Mr. Johnston or some other officer of the Society. There are a number of these letters that call for particular acknowledgment, and I am sure that it would be the wish of the Convention to authorize the officers to deal with these letters as may be possible. [Passed.]

II. RESOLVED, That this Convention of The Theosophical Society hereby requests and authorizes visits of the officers of the Society to the Branches. [Passed.]

III. RESOLVED, That the thanks of the Convention and of the Society be extended to the New York Branch for the hospitality received. [Passed.]

Now we come to the resolution which we hope you will discuss fully. At the last three Conventions, resolutions of one kind or another have been passed in regard to the War. We have been confronted with a rather serious difficulty. It is evident that this Society cannot and should not be involved, in any way, in political questions, and it is not easy to express an opinion about current problems which are not, in one way or another, mixed up with politics. Current problems, however, problems in which principles are involved, we are interested in, concerned in, and it is our duty, as members of the Society, to recognize those principles and to support them, to stand for them. Vital principles were involved during the War. It has been said that the War externalized, brought out into visibility, so to speak, the age-long conflict between the forces which make for righteousness and those that make for evil. Now it so happened that those forces, on this side and on that, were represented by certain nations. It was almost impossible to make a political question out of such a struggle. Yet we have seen in recent weeks, in spite of the fact that it still is a question of principle and always will be, that the issues of the war have been expressed in terms of politics, and that the whole field of combat has been lowered. Of course the underlying struggle has not ceased. That was pointed out this morning. All that has happened—and now I am speaking as an individual and not as Chairman of the Committee—all that has happened is that the leading statesmen of the world agreed to compromise the situation instead of fighting it out to a finish. Perhaps that is not so comprehensive a statement as the one which I am now going to submit to you:

IV. *Whereas* at the Convention in 1915 following the outbreak of the War, The Theosophical Society declared

"(a) That war is not of necessity a violation of Brotherhood, but may on the contrary become obligatory in obedience to the ideal of Brotherhood; and

"(b) That individual neutrality is wrong if it be believed that a principle of righteousness is at stake."

And whereas in the conduct of that war when victory was within reach, a truce was declared by an armistice whose conditions were designed to preclude the possibility of further aggression of evil, but not designed to crush that evil;

And whereas the armistice has been followed by the growth of anarchy and Bolshevism, the spread beneath the surface throughout the allied nations of the very evil that Germany personified,

Be it resolved that compromise with evil is as wrong as is neutrality; and that Bolshevism is the very opposite of Brotherhood and of all for which The Theosophical Society stands.

I do not believe that anyone present here to-day needs to be convinced either in regard to the first or in regard to the second statement contained in that resolution. Certainly no one here could imagine that Bolshevism has anything to do with Brotherhood. We have seen before in the history of the world that Brotherhood is a word that is often used by those who are the reverse of brotherly in their attitude toward the rest of the world, and who would brazenly declare that their brotherhood is an exclusive grouping based upon class distinctions, and that their organization is intended to protect their group against the rest of the world; or that it is an offensive organization against the aggression of the rest of the world, or even that it is intended to grasp at something which the organization does not already possess. In this country there are many organizations, the avowed purpose

of which is to proclaim the superiority of the proletariat as against the bourgoisie. That is the platform of the Bolshevists,—to tear down, to grasp power from whoever may hold it, and to take and wield that power for a section as against the rest of the community.

Brotherhood in the theosophical sense is never exclusive of anyone. It desires to be inclusive of all. It is not the fault of The Theosophical Society, as you well know, that it does not include all mankind. Yet, even if we had the power to do so, we would not drag people in,—we would not force them. In this and in other ways, the attitude of the Society is the exact opposite of Bolshevism, which sets up class against class, and insists that merely because a man is devoid of education or money, he is superior to those who possess education and may happen to own some money. Such an attitude is of the essence of evil, of envy, malice and all uncharitableness. It is the same spirit that possessed Germany, grasping for the goods of others; a spirit that can very easily be used by all that is consciously evil in the universe. If Germany had been beaten, as she ought to have been beaten, Bolshevism would never have spread as it is spreading to-day. One of the purposes of this Resolution is to declare that the strength of Bolshevism to-day, in this country and abroad, is due to the compromise with evil that was accepted in the case of Germany. For proof of this, all we need is to look at our own experience, within ourselves; for surely we must have discovered, by this time, that if a man compromises with the evil in himself, it will spread from one part to other parts of his nature, and result in the upheaval within himself of other elements which heretofore he may have been able to keep down and under. That is the invariable result of compromise. Evil has got to be crushed if we are to extract the virtue that is in it. For evil is the perversion of something which in its essence is spiritual. One of the purposes of the Society to-day is to point to human experience, the experience of each individual, and to show that it is the expression of the same laws that govern the experience of nations. If anyone would understand international politics, all he needs to do, in order to grasp the *principles* at stake, is to study the international politics going on in his own nature.

There are really three, not two, questions in this resolution, and the third is the extent to which the Society, as such, ought to commit itself to an opinion. I confess that this is a difficult problem. We ought to discuss it fully. We are prohibited by our constitution from taking part in politics. It would be fatal to violate that rule, not merely because it is in the constitution, but because the constitution is right.

Someone was saying yesterday that, just as soon as a principle has enough supporters, we, as a Society, can no longer talk about the principle, because its supporters have changed it into a policy. An abstract idea, we can discuss and pass resolutions about. But the instant the idea becomes concrete and popular, it looks as if the Society were bound to remain silent. For years we have known about Bolshevism. But because Bolshevism has now become the creed of a great many individuals, it is represented by a political party, and are we or are we not justified in discussing it, and so condemning that party? Obviously, there are two ways of looking at it. I have suggested one. You will see from the Resolution that your Committee is of the opinion that we can and should discuss it. I, as an individual, feel that we have got to go on record. So long as we stand for Brotherhood, we have got to protest against violations of Brotherhood. We are compelled to protest against what Brotherhood is not. When we see organized murder, masquerading in the name of Brotherhood, we are compelled, as part of our tribute to The Theosophical Society, to declare that that thing is hideous and evil. However, I shall be glad if this may be thoroughly thrashed out. I do not believe that there is a member here, man or woman, who has not got opinions about it, and just because I am so anxious, and others will be so anxious to get at those opinions, I want to re-read the Resolution:

First, are we, as an organization, justified in declaring our opinion one way or the other about the armistice and about Bolshevism?

Second, is it the opinion of the organization as such that the armistice in fact was a compromise with evil?

Third, is it the opinion of this organization as such, that Bolshevism is the opposite of Brotherhood?

May we not ask for opinions and for discussion?

THE CHAIRMAN: The Convention has before it the report of the Committee on Resolutions, and has in mind the three questions of principle which the Chairman of the Committee has laid before you, asking that there should be full, complete, and frank discussion of those principles, by members here present. Behind the Chairman's table, there is the seal of the Society, with its motto: There is no religion higher than truth. There is no need in any Convention of The Theosophical Society to restate its principles. The truth is there; the way in which we are to reach it is to go to the common stock,—each of us contributing that fragment of the truth which is contained in our own minds,—not believing that that fragment is all, but that it is of importance. And therefore I ask that we should have these three points as fully discussed as possible. From whom may we hear first?

MR. PERKINS: I should like to say yes, so far as I am concerned, to the three points in the Resolution. I was particularly interested in what Mr. Hargrove was saying of the policy of the Society. It would seem that the Society must be limited,—we should want it to be limited, because we know it and love it; we should be unwilling to have it made the soap-box from which all comers could discuss whatever might happen to be in their minds. We should wish it to announce itself only on great issues. I was asking myself, while Mr. Hargrove was speaking, what is to determine whether an issue is a great moral issue, for we can hardly conceive of any question involving an individual, or a group of individuals, which cannot be traced back to a moral issue. But surely the Society, in the world, is endeavouring to represent the life of the Lodge. One thing that we might conceivably ask ourselves, about such a question as this, would be: Is it an issue which involves the great Lodge of Masters? Would it seem to them, in our reverent thought, a problem big enough to involve the whole Lodge. That is a crude way of getting at it, but I think the question instantly throws out a great many little problems; for the Lodge represents not only our local interests, but the interests of all sections of the world, and of all human thought. Therefore, it seems to me that a great moral issue must be one that we would immediately recognize as of universal significance, one that would command the thought of the Lodge.

Then what action must The Theosophical Society find itself prevented from taking if things become political? We would hope that the Society, using its own experience to look back over the past and forward into the future, would be able to recognize principles in events,—the principles which are behind them; the life, the spirit which is in them. Is it not one of the privileges and duties of the Society to recognize the spirit in events, long before they have built themselves into political parties; and to do its work then, before the time when it will be opposing organized thought, built into a political party? We ought to have seen it and done it first. For my own part, I would like, most heartily, to stand in favour of that Resolution. I am only sorry that it is not possible to go even further. It is the experience of every one of us that evil compromised with, leads to blindness, to paralysis, to that corrosive poisoning which it always produces. So I wish that The Theosophical Society might take a very positive stand on that resolution.

MR. MILLER: Not long ago, I read, I think in the *Key to Theosophy*, that with political parties the Society had nothing to do; but that against Socialism

its face was set. The reason was the same as that which Mr. Hargrove gave for our opposition to Bolshevism; namely, opposition to envy and self-seeking. Therefore it seems to me that in adopting this Resolution, the Society would be following a good precedent. I also feel that we can find out something that each one of us can do about it in a practical way, if we remember that each of us reflects in his own nature everything in the universe, and therefore Bolshevism; that each one should do his utmost to stamp it out of his own nature.

Dr. Clark: I have been asking myself what is involved in the Society's pronouncing on this Resolution. It might clear up difficulties, if we go back into the past, face a similar situation there, see what we should like the Society to have done, and then apply our conclusion to the situation to-day. Let us go back to 1792: In England people were stirred to the depths over the question of proportionate representation in Parliament. Those who favoured it and those who did not said that a moral principle was at stake. Turning to France, at about the same time, we find taking place there: the murder of the King and Queen; the organized murder of innocent citizens, and the confiscation of their goods; the exaltation of the indecencies of life. Now what would we have wished to be the attitude of such a Society as ours upon the questions in England and France, both of which were taken up by political parties? Certainly a moral principle was involved in proportionate representation, but let us use Mr. Perkins's criterion, and ask, did it affect anything outside of England, did it affect the spiritual world? What was the effect of that action going on in Paris, where they were making legitimate those things which all civilization had branded as evil? What action must be taken by a Society devoted to the study of religion, philosophy, and science? To my mind the conclusion is clear, for I see at work there a principle of evil, subverting those forms through which the spiritual world manifests itself, and hence at work against the spiritual world itself. It seems to me that the Society must take action whenever it finds itself facing forces—whether under the wing of a political party or not—which are against the spiritual world and against those leaders whom we believe to be back of the Theosophical Movement. So now I do not see how our loyalty to them, our gratitude, could lead us to do anything else than declare ourselves, in the most emphatic way, against the evil set forth in the Resolution before us.

After speeches by Captain Hohnstedt, Captain Auchincloss, Mr. Barrett, Mr. Saxe, Mr. Danner, and Mr. Grant, all of whom strongly endorsed the Resolution, Mr. J. F. B. Mitchell expressed the hope that it would be passed, saying further:

Mr. J. F. B. Mitchell: It seems to me there can be no discussion as to whether Bolshevism is Brotherhood; organized murder is not Brotherhood. It is equally clear that the armistice was a compromise with evil, and compromise in any form is betrayal of the Masters' Cause. What do we do when we compromise? We give to evil a part of what should be the Masters' territory. It is complete surrender. We heard this morning that the outer war is but a reflection of the inner war that is raging all the time between the powers of light and the powers of darkness. That war is being fought now, and this Society is the representative of the White Lodge in its battle. That means that we are a fighting organization; and one of the things that we have to fight for is Brotherhood. You cannot fight without taking a stand. When the Society was organized, one of the greatest enemies of Brotherhood was dogmatism; and it fought dogmatism. In great measure it won its fight. To-day the chief enemy of Brotherhood is not dogmatism but the grasping spirit that animated Germany; and one expression of it is Bolshevism—the desire to impress one's own will on others. If we see that to-day as the great enemy of Brotherhood, I feel that we should stultify the whole purpose of the Society, if we did not openly take our stand against it.

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MR. WOODBRIDGE: I think it is not only a duty, but an opportunity for the Society to express itself on this vitally important subject. When it is possible for a great evangelical Church to be so bewildered about principles as to submit to the dictation of a labour platform; when a Christian Church is prepared to submit its platform to Jews and to use their formulation as a basis for raising enormous sums of money,—clearly the time has come when the world needs an impetus in the right direction, needs a nucleus of correct thinking. It seems to me that there has never been a time when the Society could so properly start its avalanche of power as to-day; that we should stand with Krishna on the principle of resistance to evil; that we should be doing wrong if we refused to give to the world what it needs most,—an opportunity to think straight.

MRS. SHELDON: I feel that what I say is going to seem to be in opposition to the previous speakers—I am not so in spirit, but my individual approach to the matter is somewhat different. I think that if Bolshevism were better understood, people would hesitate before committing themselves to that principle. My feeling about the armistice is affected by my understanding of the Theosophical doctrine that corrective and not punitive measures should be followed. I have felt that the fury of Bolshevism might have come from the fact that hundreds of thousands of lustful individuals, who have been put out of life through the Great War, are having their part now in influencing humanity. The lawlessness and terror, now abroad, may come, in part, from the astral world; if so, the signing of the armistice may relieve the situation, as it will at least result in not throwing out of life additional hordes of irresponsible souls whose action on the astral plane would react here.

MR. LA DOW: It seems to me that it is perfectly true that Bolshevism will be destroyed sooner or later by its own inertia, but unless we combat it we shall go down with it. That seems to me to be the very crux of the situation,—not that it must be destroyed, but that *we* must destroy it.

THE REVEREND ACTON GRISCOM: I find it difficult to speak to-day, because personal feeling is so strong that it acts as a limitation. Last year, I claimed the privilege of speaking because I was then the youngest member in the room; this year I should like to be permitted to voice, if I can, the feeling of the younger members. Mr. Hargrove spoke this morning of the anxiety of the older members; he used the words "crushing responsibility," and I am sure those words meant a great deal to the younger members of the Society. There are those of us who have not yet grown up to the stature of the manhood of the older members of the Society. We have not yet been put on trial, but that day of trial, please God, will come to every one of us.

As for the Resolution, the essence of which is against compromise with evil, it seems to me that unless the Society, as a Society, can pronounce against Bolshevism and the principles of Bolshevism, then no member of the Society can pronounce against the Bolshevism in himself; and we have got to learn, we younger members, not to compromise with the evil in ourselves. We have got to give ourselves whole-heartedly to Theosophy, to The Theosophical Society, to the Masters that stand behind the Theosophical Movement. It would seem to me to be the duty of the Society to fight evil in any form, wherever seen. I would also take that to myself, and would say that it is my duty to fight evil in myself and wherever I see it in the world, to the utmost of my ability. As one of those younger members who must, in the normal course of events, assume a greater and greater responsibility,—compromise of any kind becomes more and more impossible. Voicing the hope and the desire of younger members, I would like to address you, Mr. Chairman, and the older members, and to say that we accept that responsibility. We feel that the Masters have put a good desire into our hearts. We are prepared to face the sacrifice which Dr.

Keightley told us those older members underwent, and we hereby offer ourselves,—not merely for the signing of this Resolution against a given form of evil, but also for the fight against evil in every possible form, and for service of the White Lodge in its fight against the Black.

THE CHAIRMAN: The Convention would not have its Chairman pass without response the statements that have been made by one speaker after another, and perhaps particularly the statement last made as to the attitude of those upon whom it must ultimately rest to carry on the work of the Movement. I do not think that anyone could be here to-day and not know the truth of what Mr. Griscom has just said,—that there is very ardent desire, very real and earnest will, and very deep consecration to this Movement in all our hearts, young and old. That is the foundation. That is the power, and all power comes from sacrifice, and all sacrifice from devotion. There is another need, and that is the need which each one of us is trying to meet and to help the others to meet, right here and now;—the baffling need of wisdom; of Theosophy; of the wisdom of God, that the light of God, the light that God has given us, may give us clear vision to guide rightly and effectively the ardent desire to serve which every one of us knows. That we may see how to act, as well as being willing to act. To see without being willing to act is damnation. That is the damned soul, it seems to me. But if I were to try to describe hell as a state, I would say it is the will to act, without the vision that will enable one to do it. So we must bring to a focus this very real will upon which the Movement must rest,—it is hope, it is power for the future,—and try to see what is involved in this Resolution, and what we ought to do about it. So far we have all been pretty much pointed one way. Is it the only way? Is it the right way?

MR. KOBBÉ: I can only say that I stand with the majority as to what we ought to do about the Resolution, because I feel that any evil whatsoever should be combated not only individually but collectively.

MR. HARGROVE: I think the comments we have heard have been both interesting and encouraging. I had not expected anything else. I had expected practically unanimous agreement. But I do think it is of enormous importance that we should know just what we are doing and why. Good will is not enough. That is where the trouble comes in. Good will is the foundation, but upon that foundation has got to be built up understanding, wisdom, discretion, and the ability to recognize what the Lodge would wish to be done in any given set of circumstances. In other words, speaking once more for the older members, our desire is that every member present here this afternoon should be able at a glance to distinguish the difference between a principle and a policy: not only in regard to the forces of the outer world, but in questions affecting their own lives.

The Society, in the nature of things, has got opinions about right and wrong, always. There is no problem of good or of evil in regard to which it must not take a definite stand. But also it must learn, not merely to distinguish between good and evil, but also to recognize the shadow that politics casts over principles. For instance, suppose that we pass this Resolution this afternoon, and suppose that five or six years from now some member asks the Convention of that day to pass a resolution indorsing prohibition. What are you going to do about it? It may be that you, individually, are total abstainers. It may be that some of you believe, in a general way, in prohibition. But you also know that there is a political party in this country working for prohibition. Are you going to pass such a resolution or not? How are you going to decide? You can imagine some speaker saying, See what they did in 1919. In view of that, why not pass my present resolution? It may not be prohibition. It may be anti-vivisection or some brand new expression of a genuine ideal. The point is that you will have to distinguish; and that if we pass this Resolution this afternoon, there

ought to be a clear understanding in the mind of everyone present, just what he is supporting and why. I doubt if any would seriously question the first part of the Resolution. But what is the principle behind it? Where ought this Society, as such, to draw the line? If we are going to face the future with equanimity, we must feel sure that there will be those in the future who will be jealous of the Society's freedom. It must not deal with worldly matters. It must deal with spiritual forces. It must always be prepared to disentangle the spiritual from the material; and, assuming that some principle, spiritual in itself, has found favour with mankind, then almost inevitably it will have become entangled with the other and lower interests of mankind. Then, using the simile of the Eastern books, you will have to draw the fibre from the mango; you will have to distinguish between the real and the unreal; between the temporal and the eternal; between the self and the non-self.

Choose your own terms, but realize that those words, instead of expressing an abstract philosophical idea, represent, in fact, a process which must be continual in the life of the individual, of the Society, and in the discussions of its Conventions,—a process which you might almost call a surgical operation in that it involves the separation of two things which have become, not only contiguous, but interblended. We shall always find that the principle is interblended with the policy of the situation.

I want it to be understood that when any problem like this is brought up, at any time in the future, these questions ought to be raised: Does this imply that the Society is mixing with temporal affairs, with the unreal world? Can it be misunderstood by the public in any way? Can it be assumed by an outsider that we are taking part in politics, whether national or international? We must consider always the reputation of the work. We must make sure that we ourselves have so trained ourselves, in daily life, to distinguish between the real and the unreal, that we are not going to make a mistake, when speaking for the organization which has become more precious to us than life itself.

Going back for one moment to the armistice and to Bolshevism. What do we know about Bolshevism, first hand? A friend of mine, during the War, when he was having any sort of struggle with himself, used to refer to whatever he recognized as evil within himself as his Germans; the Germans that he was entertaining within himself. We can change the term and speak of them as Bolshevists. They are within us, not outside of us. Where is the astral world? Within us, not outside of us. Killing Germans does not add to the impulses from the astral world. Live Germans contribute just as much to the Bolshevist contagion. The astral world is not a place. It is a state, a condition. Now anybody who knows anything about his own nature, must realize that the armistice is responsible for the spread of Bolshevism, because evil was not scotched, and therefore has been spread throughout the world. The world is behaving as if it had just come out from ether. It is chattering in an ape-like way. It is on a psychic drunk. And yet, though the evil is psychic, we must remember that the psychic world is not a *there* world but a *here* world; not an outside world, but an inside world; and that you may at this very moment contribute to the force of Bolshevism, if you are capable of permitting that same force to operate within you, and if, identifying yourself with that force, you co-operate with it. Germany gave herself over to evil, body and soul; but when she did that, she did not give herself over to some other world, but to this world. In other words, the armistice, while responsible in large measure for the Bolshevism of to-day, was also responsible for the loss of an opportunity immense in and of itself,—the loss of a supreme opportunity to kill an expression of evil which had projected itself from the unseen world into the seen world.

Now I heard it stated recently, and very vigorously stated, that The Theosophical Society was responsible for the War. And in a certain sense, a very

profound sense, that is true. It is because of the work of The Theosophical Society that evil was brought into visibility. Evil had been in hiding. Mankind had become blind to its existence. And just as the Christian Master said, "If I had not come and spoken unto them, they had not had sin,"—so, because of The Theosophical Society, and of its being carried over in response to H. P. B.'s dying request to "keep the link unbroken," the War became possible. Unseen evil is infinitely worse than recognized evil. What The Theosophical Society did,—not, of course, directly, but in effect,—was to grasp that unseen evil and to drag it from the unseen into the seen. The War, instead of being an evil, was a blessing. It ought to have been an infinitely greater blessing. A process might have been finished which now will have to be continued, and repeated, *and* finished. And so it is that The Theosophical Society, in that sense responsible for the War, was, as a Society, deeply disappointed by the armistice. An opportunity had been thrown away.

The point, however, is this: Similar questions are bound to arise in the future. Is this Society, or is it not, going to be so blind as to commit itself to some political issue? Is it going to sink to the level of some of those organizations who send delegates to Albany to canvas for this, that, or some other act of legislation? That, indeed, would be a calamity. And the only way to avoid it is to recognize, now and always, that while we must, of necessity, express ourselves in regard to the fundamental principles of life, we must avoid any appearance, even, of playing politics, or of being involved in the little issues between men or parties,—because we stand to speak for the Lodge; and the Lodge speaks for eternity. That is why, as the Chairman said, it is of supreme importance that there should be more than good will, more than whole-hearted desire to help. That desire has got to be given expression, day after day, in little things, if experience is to be acquired which will enable the members of the future to distinguish between points such as we have been discussing here this afternoon.

The Chairman: If there were time, I wish we might discuss the matter further, but we all want to hear from our delegates; we will let them decide whether they shall report for their Branches or shall add to the discussion of the Resolution now before us.

Miss Hohnstedt: I feel that I can honestly speak for those members of the Cincinnati Branch who have had the privilege of keeping up the work this winter. They would be in favour of passing the Resolution. Many members have been out of town on account of illness. We have, all winter, stood for these three points of the Resolution. When the armistice was signed, we all felt that it was too soon; that the work had not been finished. Bolshevism has become rampant in the Middle West, and we have a little of it to fight in every meeting. While we have followed our syllabus, these three points have always come up.

Mrs. Gitt: Bolshevism has broken out in Washington (*laughter*). I could tell you much about it. There are secret organizations that are trying to get, first the children in the schools, then their parents. I think that much more is going on than has yet come to the surface. The city is as though a cyclone had struck it; every man is for himself; it is for you to get out of the way. To be sure, our Churches have grown in numbers, but I fear not in understanding and spiritual power. As to the passing of this Resolution, I should say by all means pass it. It looks to me as if we must not dodge our responsibility by thinking too much of the future; let us act to-day, and let the Society take care of itself in the future. I should like to see the Society go on record for the right, regardless of consequences. I think Bolshevism is the spirit of the Germans under a new phase. We failed to deal with it in the old phase, as we ought to have done. If we had finished the War, it is true that a few thousand more soldiers would have been killed, but the number would have been fewer

than those who must be sacrificed when the contest is waged again. What we ought to have done was to go into Germany and kill the body to save the soul.

Remarks favouring the Resolution were made by Miss Friedlein, representing the Seattle Branch; Mrs. Regan, President of the Hope Branch, Providence; and Mrs. Gordon, representing the Middletown Branch. The Chairman asked whether there were not others present who would speak, and when there was no response said:

THE CHAIRMAN: As we appear to have heard from all who are willing to speak, I may perhaps be permitted to add something of my own view upon the questions before us. I feel so strongly the importance of what Mr. Hargrove has said in connection with this Resolution, that I almost hesitate to put it to the vote without asking again that you be sure to keep in mind the distinction he has drawn; that you strive to see how deep it goes; and how vital it must be for the future success of the Movement that it should be understood. Surely we must perceive the truth of what the *Bhagavad Gita* states so well, "Better is one's own duty even without excellence than the duty of another well carried out; . . . the duty of another is full of danger." For any civilization can be strong only if each element in it is true to its own truth, its own function. Whatever element departs from its own appointed place and strives to take up the work of another element only hampers and injures the whole. This should be clear to us, as we have seen the representatives of religion, who should speak for religious truth, take up other very excellent work,—the establishing of soup kitchens, or of gymnasiums for young men, or of bureaus of amateur advice for representatives in Albany. Important work, perhaps, but in it the Church loses its own perspective of the vital truth of which it should be the exponent. We see the same lack of vision of their own truth in our universities. They fail to recognize that they of all people should be the custodians of the past,—the interpreters of the experience of the past, of the long, slow, laborious gains of mankind. It is necessary, perhaps, that there should be, in any community, radical, progressive, turbulent elements making for change; but if they are left unchecked they make for ruin and not for good. And above all, if the Churches and the universities leave their own truths to adopt the cry of progress, meaning by it anything that represents change,—the community is in danger. It is equally patent that if our Society steps down or out of its own place, to take up any other duty, however excellent, and grows, either now or in the future, confused as to what its own function actually is, then destruction awaits us.

Is there not a very real danger—perhaps not before us to-day, but nevertheless a real danger—that we should come to believe that the thing which we personally think ought to be done is a matter on which the Society ought to pronounce? I think there is. There is also a danger, which might be more serious —that we should have our minds so full of the possibility of betraying our trust that we should cease to act at all, and simply dry up from inanition, and rust out, because we come to feel that principles have no practical application and are of no vital importance. If the Society is to live and grow, it is essential that it should recognize principles and enforce them. It is essential that it should not descend into the arena and fight there. It must disentangle a principle from that which has been placed around it, and, because ignorant politicians thinking only in terms of expediency, seize upon this or that great enunciation of truth, and twist and turn it to their own ends as a political rallying cry, it does not mean that the Society must drop that principle, but it becomes the more incumbent upon the Society to re-affirm its truth and to defend it against prostitution.

I come back to this point, and would emphasize it for you, because it is my earnest hope that the principles involved in this discussion may accompany our

vote upon it, may become as much a part of the precedents for the work for the future as any action we may take. I should like to refer to the speech made by Mr. Perkins, because it contains an idea that will help us to see our course. We know that life flows from within out; that everything lives in the unmanifested world before it lives in the manifested. Things do not just happen in the manifested world, they show forth something pre-existing in the unmanifested world. It is with that world of the unmanifested, with causes rather than with results, that the Society is primarily concerned. That is the world of dynamic power; and he was right in saying that it is for us to lay hold on the principles that operate there, not after they have been claimed by political parties, but before. And therefore I venture to remind you, and to place again upon record, the fact that the opposition of The Theosophical Society to Bolshevism is not a new one, but has been announced year after year,—for eleven years, to my personal knowledge. We are not, therefore, entering the political arena, but are re-affirming what has been our principle, and are re-affirming it at a time when the world needs it to be re-affirmed, recognizing that the world has come to the point where the Theosophical Society was eleven years ago, and now needs to hear what we have been saying ever since. We therefore announce a principle. We do not descend into the political arena, nor do we seek to make our combat there. We maintain our fight in the world of principles, in the worlds that are infinitely more potent than the world of manifestation; we move toward the centre, and, by so doing, can hold within our finite grasp forces which radiate far beyond our reach or even vision.

MR. HARGROVE: There is one thing I should like to add, because I would not like it supposed that the movers of the Resolution have any doubt or hesitation as to the advisability of passing it. The older members have spoken of caution, and foresight, and so forth. But I venture to remind you that it was I who introduced this Resolution, and I would not have done it if I had not wanted to see it passed! You have only to look back over the history of the past—the history of The Theosophical Society itself—to see that, time after time, the majority has been wrong, and that it has only been the small minority of members who stood out for real Theosophy, while the rest of them went off into space, pursuing some will-o'-the-wisp. That ought to be warning enough. It does not mean that we should hesitate, but it does mean we should think. It means something when this Convention passes a resolution. It means infinitely more than appears on the surface. It *is* a sword. And that sword, like every spiritual sword, is not single edged. It cuts both ways. While we can and I believe should pass this Resolution to-day, with everything that we have to give, yet the day may come in the future, when something apparently similar may be suggested which it will be your duty to turn down, with all the energy which you put to-day into affirmative action. Inevitably members will be tested: will they be able to distinguish between an expression of principle such as this Resolution is, and an expression of politics such as some other resolution may be?

MR. MITCHELL: I should like to ask when and to what extent the Society is justified in pronouncing on questions of fact. Now I do not think I will be accused of doubting that Germany was the representative of the Black Lodge. At one Convention, within the last two or three years, a resolution was passed that made that fact clear. The War was to be prosecuted to a victorious conclusion, and so on. I was delighted to vote for that resolution, and I would like to have made it stronger. But it does seem to be stepping down from the plane of principles to the realm of fact. What are the principles involved? When can we do that and when can we not?

MR. HARGROVE: Has Mr. Mitchell in mind the resolution that was passed in

1918, beginning: "*Whereas,* In April, 1917, the following resolution was adopted, to wit:

"*Whereas,* The United States of America, by act of the President and of Congress, has finally declared that neutrality is no longer possible in a conflict that involves the deepest principles of righteousness, . . . *Therefore,* Be it resolved . . . that we do hereby pledge our utmost loyalty and endeavour to the cause upon which the country has entered, until through the energy of sacrifice the war be brought to a victorious conclusion in accordance with the terms of the President's message"?

Of course, when it comes to any statement of fact put forward by this organization, I think it must be evident that the utmost caution should be observed. I do not like to use the word caution, because it is misused so widely. But everyone with any experience knows how few facts are ascertainable. There are no facts in the physical world at all, because they are always moving, changing. It is only a principle which does not change. Do you not remember that dreadful time when Germany was doing *a* and *b* and *c* and *d* in Belgium, and friends of ours in Washington said: because we do not *know* whether Germany has done *a* and *b* and *c* and *d,* therefore we must wait till the War ends and see whether Germany did them, and meanwhile must remain neutral?

Surely we, as a Theosophical Society, will never have to bother much about facts in that sense; will never have to make statements in that sense; should never be confronted with that particular difficulty, and never will be if we have understood the point of the discussion this afternoon,—if it has been made clear to one and all what the distinction is between an eternal principle on the one hand, and an expression of some point of expediency, some point of policy or of fact on the other hand.

THE CHAIRMAN: The Resolution as offered by the Committee is now before you for adoption or rejection. What is your pleasure? [The Resolution was heartily adopted.]

MR. WOODBRIDGE: It is customary to pass a vote of thanks to the Chairman, Secretary, and Assistant Secretary, and I would move such a vote.

THE CHAIRMAN: Perhaps you will permit me to say, before putting this motion, how grateful the New York Branch is that it is able to be the host at the Convention, and how high a privilege we all feel it to be that the Convention meets here in its home. I also want to express the thanks which I feel for having been your Chairman.

The motion was then unanimously carried, and, on motion duly made and seconded, the Convention adjourned.

ISABEL E. PERKINS, *Secretary of Convention.*
JULIA CHICKERING, *Assistant Secretary of Convention.*

LETTERS OF GREETING

Among the many helpful and encouraging letters of greeting received from Branches of the Society, our space permits the publication of only the following:

To The Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled: Dear Friends,—

The events of the last years have caused much sadness in the world because of the great war,—the terrible trial which the present generation has brought upon itself. But the war has come to an end, they say, and we should rejoice, because now there will be peace on earth.

No, friends, the war has not ended yet, and no one can tell when it will end. True, there is, on the material battle-field, a pause which they call an armistice,

a premature one it seems; but the bloody fray is still going on, irregularly, in many ways and in many places. The pause may lead to a final agreement between the nations to stop the bloodshed, and if the terms of peace be those of "God's Peace," then all is well in so far as no better result could be obtained under the present conditions in the world. But does even such a peace mean more than laying down arms on the physical plane? Is mankind ready or willing to make peace in the inner world? The conditions in the outer world answer this question. The present generation is far from that moral and spiritual state that makes it possible for the Master to say: "My peace I give unto you." Alas, there are not many to whom the Lord can even say, "Peace be with you," because, instead of peace, instead of a short armistice only, there are rebellion and anarchy in the mind and heart of man. There the war is raging with a frenzy hardly ever known before in the history of mankind.

With this in view some might exclaim: "Are we still to consider life as a song?" Yes, we are. Life is a song from one Eternity to another,—only its harmonies are too elevated and divine to be heard or apprehended except by those having developed the inner organs of perception to some extent. We must try to develop the inner organs in order to make it possible for us to listen to, and to understand the music of the spheres. This is the only means to gain happiness and peace in spite of the seeming discord of some of the strings that to us, as we now are, seem to be utterly out of tune.

For this purpose we shall have to tune our own string or, as said in the *Voice of the Silence,* "Attune thy being to Humanity's great pain." This is a most necessary thing, a first duty, and till we have fulfilled that duty there is no possibility of living a real life, or of hearing the divine harmonies and seeing the beauty of the creation. "If we could see the entire plan of the universe as God must see it, we should be able to understand" [Cavé]. Yet we have not the power to see, but we have the power to go to the Master, asking Him to heal our blindness, and He has never failed in granting a real prayer.

The very first thing to be done is to have confidence in God, to have unconditional faith in His wisdom, justice, and love, and to believe unfalteringly that He is the Supreme Ruler of all, and that nothing can happen in this world, nor in the whole universe, nor in heaven, which is an accident that occurs against His Will and in spite of His Laws. To help some of our fellow-men to attain to this faith in God would be the greatest help we could give them in this present age, in which there is no such faith even among those that make it a daily confession. They are all too prone to doubts and despondencies, and even to upbraid Providence, if things happen that jar against their personal hopes and wishes. If we only could teach them to be thankful for their trials, seeing in them all the infinite love of our Master, who—as Cavé says—"loves us enough to be willing to take this trouble to train us." And Cavé adds: "What an immensity of love that represents!" If we can help some of our fellow-sufferers to such a faith, the effect it will have on the troubled mind, and the blessing it will bring to the sufferer, and to ourselves too, we can hardly realize. We have then helped a little to relieve pain in the world, and have brought a brother nearer to God,—yes nearer to God! That means much. He is brought to throw himself into the arms of the Master with confidence and love. Then he will experience the "peace of the child at his mother's breast."

Perhaps these thoughts—or rather these extracts from *Fragments*—may prove helpful suggestions to some for their future work in the inner and outer world; they have been of great help to me.

With cordial greetings from your fellow-members in Norway,

T. H. KNOFF
President, Karma Branch, Kristiania, Norway

To The Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled:

The Venezuela Branch, as a constituent part of the T. S. will be present in spirit and truth at the Convention, forming a single consciousness in its unity or brotherhood, and expresses its hopes for the largest success of the theosophical work the world over. . . . During the year 1918, our chief work consisted in maintaining an active theosophical correspondence with the members who reside in the interior and abroad. . . . With all centres of the theosophical spirit, we keep always lighted the torch of harmony and activity in an identical purpose.

JUAN J. BENZO
Secretary, Venezuela Branch

To The Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled:

We send all of you our cordial greetings and our best wishes. These greetings are as sincere, as warm as ever, even if we at present cannot agree with some of the opinions expressed at the last Conventions. Perhaps we do not understand you in this, but what we do understand is the sorrow we share with you that the Movement has lost one of its most active, most noble workers, and all of us feel so gratefully indebted to him.

HJALMAR JULIN
For the Branch in Arvika, Sweden

To the Members of The Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled:

It is my privilege to send to you, in the great day of your gathering, the cordial greeting and hearty adhesion of the Branch at Altagracia de Orituco. We take this opportunity to record reverently a thought of gratitude and love to our dear instructor and fellow-member, Mr. Clement Acton Griscom, whose death was announced to us by the QUARTERLY. . . . We, who have, though in the least degree, tried to learn and live the message of Masters which came to us through Mr. Griscom, dedicate on this day our thoughts to him, as humble homage to his memory. . . . United with you in spirit and ideal, we desire that the outcome of your spiritual labours may meet the needs of the world.

A. VALEDON
Altagracia de Orituco Branch, Venezuela

To the Members of The Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled:

There are very few events to report in the life of the Jehoshua Branch during the last year, but a spirit of devotion is manifest among many of us. We hope that we may be true to the principles of Theosophy as we go forward to do our duty with the strength that is in us. The appearance of our review *Jehoshua* has been cordially accepted by the public. The translation of the report of our grand Convention of 1918 was published in our review. It threw light over many points that had been subjects of terrible discussions and diverse comment, even among the very members of the Society, i. e., religious questions, socialism, etc.

We must remember with gratitude many letters we have received from our dear brother, Mr. J. J. Benzo, full of splendid advice helping our newly born Branch. We sincerely regret the disincarnation of our most beloved brother, Mr. C. A. Griscom, to whom the T. S. owes so much. May the Lord's blessing descend upon him!

D. SALAS BAIZ
President Jehoshua Branch, San Fernando, Venezuela

To The Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled:

The members of Pacific Branch, Theosophical Society, send kindly greetings and pledge of loyalty to the officers and members assembled at this annual Convention, in this critical stage of the spiritual supremacy in the world's affairs.

It is with sadness that you will note the absence of that lovable warrior and leader who has been with you for so many years in these gatherings, but our bereavement at his loss, rather than being an element of weakness, is more a source of strength, in a firmer determination to press forward, with the Warrior Song in our hearts and voices, to a complete victory for the Cause of the Masters.

Every spiritual sacrifice is for a beneficent purpose, and while your hearts may be burdened with sorrow at this particular Convention, in missing the kindly guiding voice of Clement Acton Griscom, we are sure that you realize his unseen presence among you, and that you will find his guiding motives in the work that was so dear to his heart.

ALFRED L. LEONARD
Secretary, Pacific Branch, Los Angeles

CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editorial Board of the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY:

I regret that in the January "Notes and Comments" I should have made a statement in regard to *The Idyll of the White Lotus* which has no foundation in fact. My statement should have been made in regard to *The Blossom and the Fruit,* the last chapter of which did have to be rewritten by Madame H. P. Blavatsky. With the exception of the title of the book, the rest of my statement must stand as I wrote it. But I apologize most sincerely for the momentary confusion in my own mind, as between these two books, and for having misled the readers of the QUARTERLY to that extent, since the January issue appeared.

AUTHOR OF "NOTES AND COMMENTS."

THE C. A. GRISCOM MEMORIAL FUND

BOOKS FOR STUDY CLASSES

A fund, to be known as THE C. A. GRISCOM MEMORIAL FUND, is being established and placed at the disposal of the Quarterly Book Department for the supplying of standard Theosophical books to such Study Classes as may desire to avail themselves of it.

The Secretary of the Study Class should inform the Quarterly Book Department of the number of meetings held each month, of the book to be studied and the number of copies desired, and will then be notified of the terms and conditions on which they may be obtained through this fund.

Subscriptions to the amount of one hundred dollars have already been received. Further contributions may be sent to *Miss I. E. Perkins, P. O. Box 64, Station O, New York City,* and should be marked *"For the C. A. Griscom Memorial Fund."*

HENRY BEDINGER MITCHELL
Treasurer of The Theosophical Society

NOTICE

Members of the T. S. are reminded that mail intended for the several departments can be most readily and promptly handled if addressed as follows:

Secretary T. S.—Mrs. Ada Gregg, 159 Warren Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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